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By the men . . for the men in the service

Firing Squad Executes Two German Spies

A COMPLETE PICTURE STORY, PAGE 2

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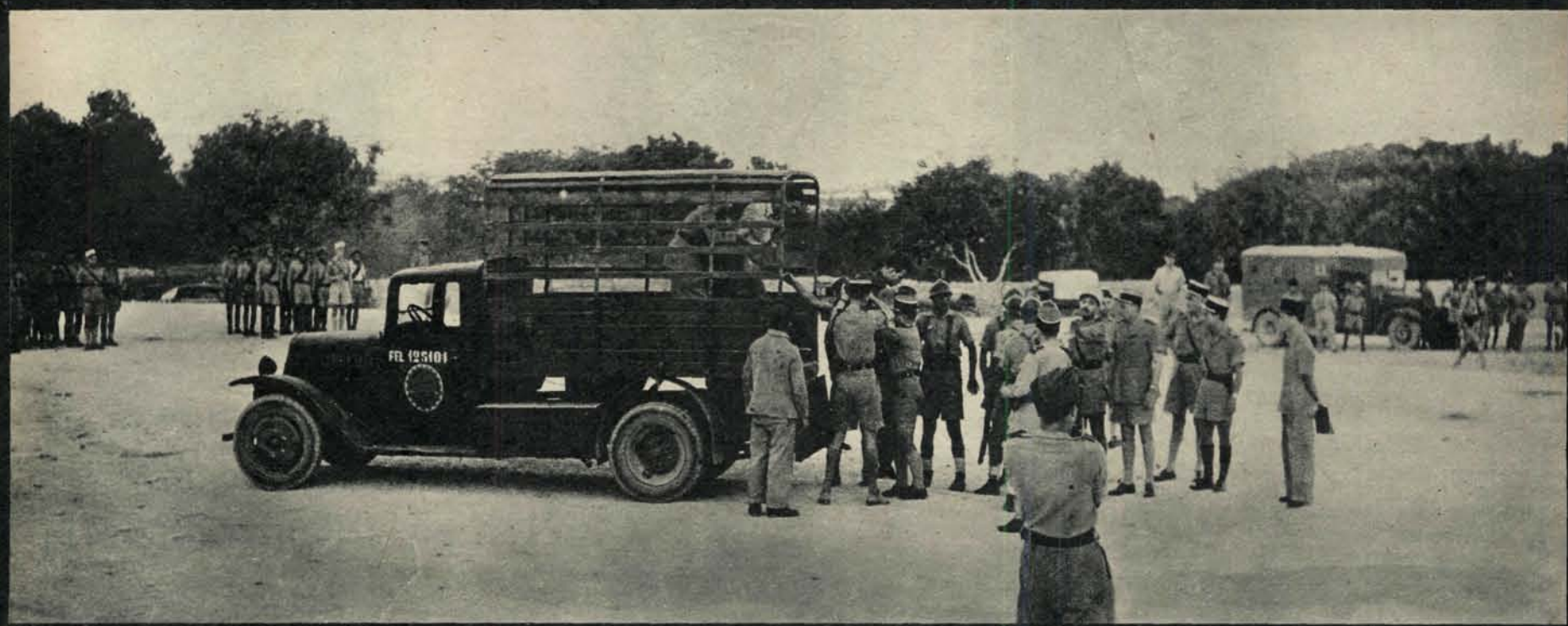

1. A truck pulls in to the execution grounds and unloads the two spies and their guards. The truck is a little late, because the condemned have lingered over their last letters and prayers. In background at right is an ambulance ready to take them back—in their coffins. The military guard stands at left.

2. *The spies are led past the firing squads to the stakes, the tall one walking erect, with almost a swagger, but the shorter one walking slumped and reluctantly between two officers. The firing squads are ready, rifles raised. The soldier in white shorts, left foreground, will administer the coup de grace.*

3. They are tied to the stakes. Marking some of the pride that is still left in him, the taller spy refuses a blindfold. Though the blindfold is already held to his eyes, the other follows suit. The officer (their defense counsel) in front of the stake at right will kiss them both on each cheek according to custom.

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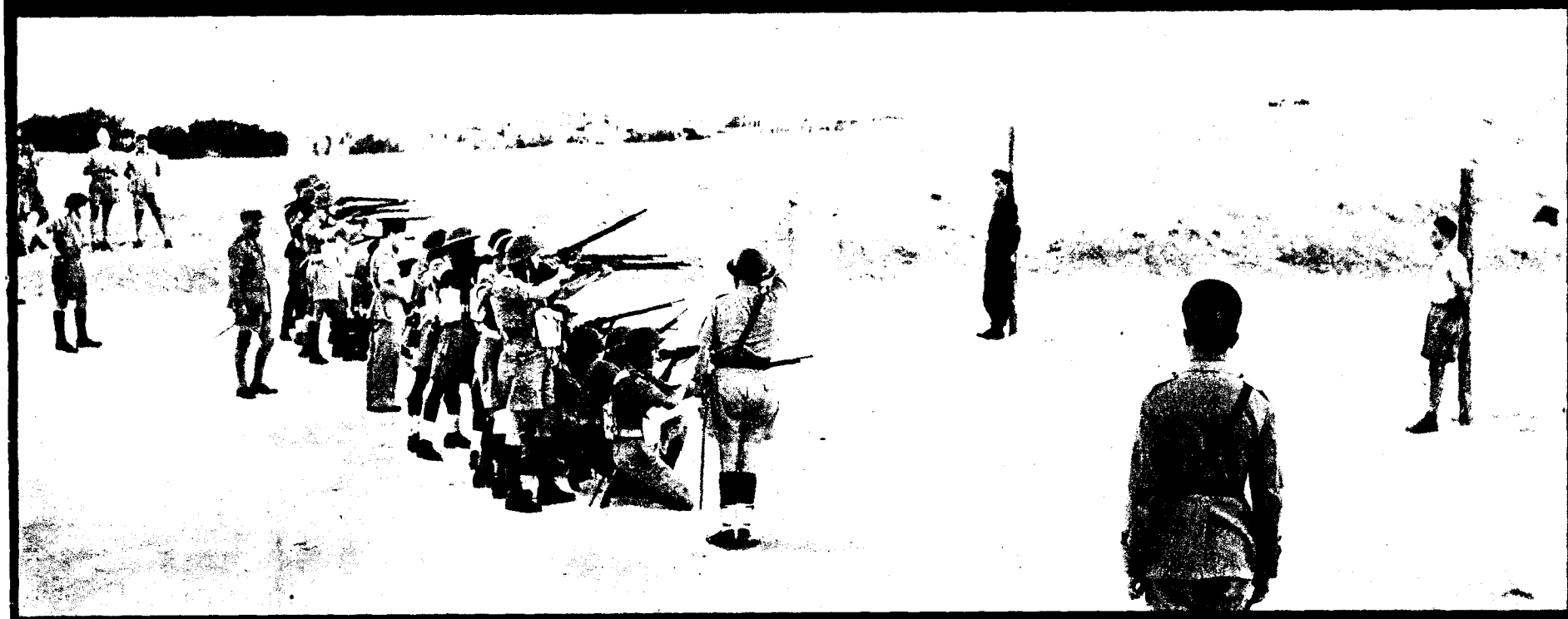

4. As the two stand at their stakes, the court recorder faces them from between the firing squads and reads off the official record of their charge, conviction, and punishment. Preparing for the second when the words end and the shots break in, the noncom in charge of the firing squad raises his saber.

5. The saber cuts down and 24 soldiers pull their triggers. As the slugs tear into their bodies, one man slumps down, but the other, with the top of his stake sheared off, hangs upright to a jagged stump. At extreme left, one of two noncoms who will administer the coup de grace draws his revolver.

TWO NAZI SPIES DIE

A French firing squad executes them in Aleppo, Syria.

SGT. George Aarons, YANK staff photographer in the Middle East, drove 1,600 miles in a jeep across a desert and mountains to get the remarkable pictures, on these three pages, of a Free French firing squad executing two Nazi spies at Aleppo, Syria. With him went Sgt. Burgess Scott, YANK staff correspondent, who sent back the following eyewitness account of the execution:

"The execution ground was a bleak, dusty place surrounded by crude stone walls. In the background, above a low hill, was an Arab mosque over which the sun would soon rise. A great niche was cut into the hillside to form a backstop for the bullets. A short distance from the backstop were two wooden stakes, four inches in diameter, with a coil of rope at the base of each.

"Two firing squads of 12 men each, one squad for each of the doomed spies, took positions six meters from each stake. Six men of each squad knelt and six stood behind. The noncom in charge inspected the rifles. An officer superintended the loading—six live cartridges and six blanks in each squad—so that no man knew for certain whether his rifle contained a live or a dummy load.

"Minutes later a lone military truck drove up with the convicted spies and their guards. Soldiers alighted and stood at each side as the prisoners left the rear of the truck. The tall one wore a

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6. Seconds after the rifles fire, leaving a haze of smoke between stakes, two noncoms advance with revolvers for the coup de grace.

7. One shot in each head, and the two are dead, in actuality, and officially. One lies on the ground, the other hangs kneeling from his stake.

8. The ceremony over, soldiers in firing squads stand up, while others start to remove bodies, first taking the taller man from stake.

9. Men of the firing squads are given the order to fall out by the noncoms. Now both dead lie by their stakes on the execution ground.

brown polo shirt and slacks, the short one a white shirt and shorts. The tall one almost swaggered as he walked toward his stake, pausing once to look around at the firing squad.

"The spies were bound to the stakes, both refusing blindfolds. The French officer who was their defense counsel came up, and, according to custom, kissed them farewell on each cheek. Another French officer read the official charge and sentence. Then the officers drew back and the firing squads aimed their rifles.

"Straining against his stake, the tall one shouted, 'Down with England, down with Russia, long live France, victim of England and Russia!' Then the short one chimed in with 'Down with England—' but his speech was cut short by the downward swing of the noncom's saber and the crash of the 24 French rifles."

Regulations do not permit publication of the spies' names. They were both trained in German espionage and sabotage schools before they were assigned to Syria and the Levant States. The spies had planned to spread destruction by blowing up power plants and reservoirs. They even carried poison to put into the food and drink of Allied soldiers. One of them was instructed to join a refugee army and send back reports on its activities. But French Surete agents nabbed the pair as they stepped off the train at Aleppo.

They were given every opportunity to clear themselves at a military trial in Aleppo but could not build up a convincing defense. Clutching at straws and contradicting themselves, they even pleaded at one time in the trial that they had come into Syria to work as British agents. Finally, as the weight of evidence became overwhelming, the spies broke down and made full confessions.

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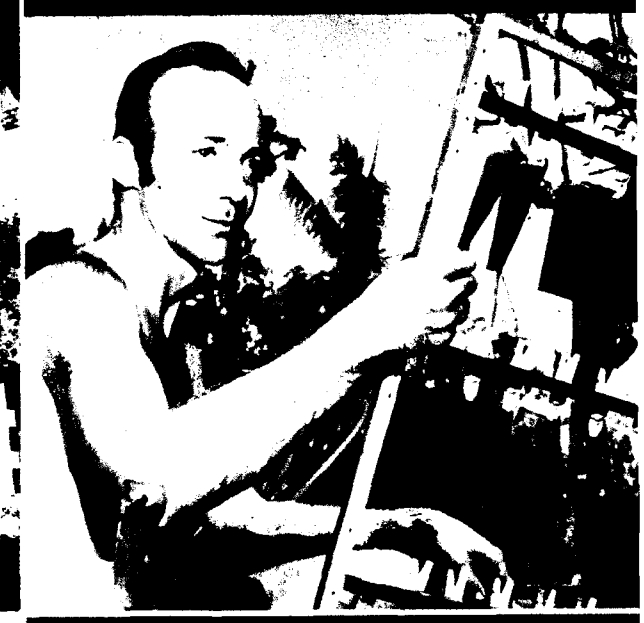
Lt. Charles Schuman takes jungle action picture.

Lt. Schuman's film is developed and examined.



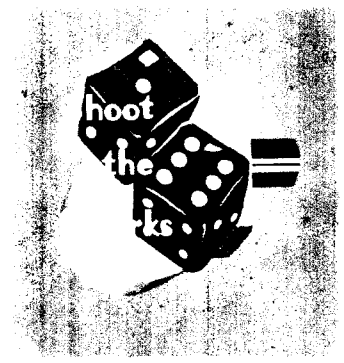
Film is then hung to dry on an outdoor frame.

Pvt. John L. McLaughlin washes prints in helmet.

Pfc. Robert Mikulski dries the prints on tins.

Signal Corps men rush film by plane to base lab.

That's the slogan of the Signal Corps photographers in the South Pacific, who take all kinds of pictures in the front lines—not only combat action but even new trick methods of baking bread.



By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

NEW GEORGIA—When U. S. troops landed on Rendova Island early in this campaign, 15 Signal Corps photographers went along. They've been shooting the war ever since.

During that shooting three of them have been hurt. A lab technician, T-5 Louis Szczutkowski of Erie, Pa., caught three pieces of bomb fragment in his leg when the Japs interrupted his unit as they were setting up their shutters and tripods.

Sgt. Bob Allen of Rochester, N. Y., was photographing action at Munda when a mortar shell landed beside him. The blast burst his eardrums and shocked him badly. For his work with a camera under fire, and for giving first aid to a wounded man and getting him to a dressing station half a mile away, Bob has been recommended for a decoration.

Lt. Charles Schuman, in charge of one of the four general-assignment Signal Photo units on the islands, was slightly injured as he moved up with the Infantry to film tank action supported by foot soldiers in New Georgia jungles.

Though most of the Signal Corps cameramen have been under fire and several of their pictures have been released for publication, the men are neither combat troops nor news photographers. Their job is to provide the War Department with a graphic close-up of combat conditions in the field and of methods the GIs out here have cooked up to meet those conditions.

A bakery, for example, lost a lot of its equipment in moving to New Georgia. The bakers cut GI gas drums into furnaces, kneaded the dough with their hands instead of by machine, and started baking bread. A Signal Photo man chronicled their set-up, recording all the improvisations.

It's the same in any branch. Until an infantryman has seen a Jap pillbox, he doesn't realize what he's up against, and a thorough knowledge of the construction of those elaborate holes in the ground is worth a great deal to him. The Signal people have shot pillboxes from every angle, before attack, during attack and after. They make terrain shots for use during action and for study after the action is over. They picture captured materiel, documents and maps.

On this side of the ocean a cameraman has his troubles. The humidity, which doesn't help even such a rugged mechanism as an M1, can play hell with a 4 x 5 Graphic or a 35-mm Leica. Film has to be dehydrated before exposure and after development. At one time, when there were no rubber carrying-bags available, the photographers "field stripped" cameras, drying them in the sun.

The nature of the jungle limits the range of visibility as much for a camera as for a combatant soldier and consequently true "action shots" involving individuals at war are generally one-sided. They may show a soldier shooting, but very seldom can they show the target. The effect is sometimes like a training shot made at Fort Benning, Ga., although enemy positions may be only 15 yards away. Using a flashgun might get a luckless photog shot from both sides and sun rays on the reflector mount are like a neon sign.

Setting up the portable photo laboratory on New Georgia was first a matter of finding running water, not so easy on this coral rock, and then moving equipment from Rendova five miles away. The heavy trailer bogged down in mud and it took an antiaircraft prime mover to drag it out. Because of the volume of work to be handled, the Signal boys built an auxiliary lab from scraps of equipment and installed it in a radio-communications trailer. Water was pumped into the two trailers by a generator—until the generator went bad. Then the photogs washed their prints by dipping water with a helmet.

The Signal Photo outfits are split into general-assignment units of six men and an officer, and laboratory units of six men with a T-4 in charge. The assignment units have Graphics and Leicas and 35-mm movie cameras. The men were trained at the Signal Corps Photo Center in Astoria, N. Y.; the four officers here are from OCS at Monmouth.

While the lab was set up at Rendova and action was taking place five miles away, cameramen shuttled back and forth. They stayed with the action until they'd completed an assignment or shot up all their film. Then they hooked a boat ride to the lab where the films were developed.

For ten days there was no lab at all. With undeveloped pictures of the initial landings exposed to some of the worst weather in the Solomons, the situation became critical. Lt. Schuman gave the film to T-5 Ray Martin of New York who got aboard a landing craft, waited two days while it clung to shore during an acute danger spell, then talked his way aboard a PBY and flew back to the central laboratory a thousand miles away.

You have seen those pictures. They came out fast in all the newsreels and newspapers.

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By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

He carries his dog tags in a pants pocket, gets KP only as punishment, usually names his rifle after his wife and calls himself "Red Army Man" instead of "private" but still he has a lot in common with the average American GI.

ENGLAND [By Cable]—An American QM sergeant from Kansas City was dumped out at Basra on the Persian Gulf recently and slapped into a truck convoy to learn how the vital Iran-to-Russia supply road works. Alongside the sergeant in the lead truck was a young Russian *efreitor*, or corporal, from Sevastopol.

The *efreitor* was the first Russian soldier the American had ever seen. For the first few miles the two noncoms sat cold-faced and tight-lipped. Then the truck blew out a front tire and both men scrambled out to change it. That started a conversation in sign language and broken English. By the time they hit Teheran, Iran, the American and Russian soldiers were discussing heatedly the comparative merits of Kansas City and Sevastopol women.

When they reached Tabriz, they were eating dinner together and drinking strong Russian beer in the *efreitor's* favorite cafe. At the Iran-USSR border they became involved in a baseball game with some American Negro truck drivers. The *efreitor* played a perfect game at first base and smacked the sergeant's pitching for two triples and a single in four times at bat.

At this point the *efreitor* was calling the short, dark American "*hokhol*," an affectionate Russian nickname for the people of the Ukraine, who are likewise short and dark. According to Soviet war correspondent Ilya Ehrenbourg, who saw the whole thing happen, the sergeant was calling the Russian corporal "Lou Novikoff" and muttering over and over "He's just like the fellows back home in Kansas City."

The American sergeant couldn't understand how the average guy who is beating hell out of the Germans, along a front about 2,000 miles long on the continent of Europe, could be like the average American in so many ways.

The typical *krasnoarmeyetz*—that means "Red Army Man;" the Czarist term for private, *soldat*, isn't used any more — despises KP and latrine duty. He calls KP *kuhonee rabochee*, and gets it for such minor infractions as overstaying a pass.

Just like American GIs, the average Russian soldier falls asleep during training films but stays awake in sex lectures. He's scared stiff by typhoid, typhus, cholera and tetanus "shots," especially if he's a farm boy. He loves beer. In the battalion day rooms, he drinks great quantities of a carbonated fruit water called *sitro*, which by a slight stretch of the imagination could be called the Russian version of Coca-Cola.

When he gets an *otpusk* or pass, the *krasnoarmeyetz* goes to one of the numerous clubs maintained by every major factory for returning soldiers. These clubs are a combination of our Red Cross, USO and Stage Door Canteen, providing the Russian GI with food, lodging, entertainment and dates in proper proportions.

Next to receiving letters and photographs from home, the Russian GI likes to read "Red Star," the Red Army version of YANK, and also his local Army headquarters newspaper with world news, which is published every day, even in the front lines. Novels, serious books, poetry and magazines are provided by the Russian equivalent of the Special Service Division, which differs from our own set-up by being a civilian outfit attached to the Army, instead of part of the Army itself.

The *krasnoarmeyetz* raises hell with the cooks in his platoon when they serve *borscht*, a stew of thick meat, cabbage and carrots, more than two days in a row. Special meals similar to our Thanksgiving and Christmas menus are served on the Russian national holidays, May 1, Feb. 23 and Oct. 7. The *krasnoarmeyetz* makes the same cracks about the canned preparation known as *svinya tushonka* as we do about SOS or Spam.

In training the Russian GI hates obstacle courses and extended-order drill; in combat he curses the "easy" lot of the Red Air Force and Red Tank Corps. The flyers and tank men are openly envied as "glamour boys," just as in our army. They wear special caps and have dress uniforms with white shirts and black ties.

The *krasnoarmeyetz* has a messkit similar to ours, except that the folding double plate goes into a pouch worn on the cartridge belt alongside the *flashka* or canteen. Knife, fork and spoon fit into little pockets in the inside of the right boot, a custom held over from the old Czarist days when enlisted men had one large wooden spoon as their only eating utensil and no place to carry it except in their boots.

In the Red Army, men are issued dog tags very like our own, but the Russian GI carries them in the small-change pockets of his pants instead of wearing them around his neck.

Almost every evening after chow you can find the Russian soldier playing lacrosse or basketball. Both games were imported from the States and they are tremendously popular. There's also a Russian game called *lapta*, similar to American baseball, with a pitcher, catcher, first baseman and three fielders for each side.

Only one base is used and the game is played with a small rubber ball, which seems to give the batter an advantage, because *lapta* scores sometimes soar to astronomical figures. This basic training in *lapta* accounts for the Russian corporal's unexpected proficiency in the GI baseball game at the Iran-Soviet frontier.

WHEN a healthy Russian youth reaches the age of 18, he receives greetings from the government and reports to his local draft board, where he has a physical examination and a personal interview. If he passes the physical he is labeled the equivalent of 1-A and earmarked for a particular branch of the service, either Army or Navy, depending on the kind of education and training he has had beforehand. Then he is shipped to a recruit camp far in the interior of the country.

No one escapes military service. The 3-As and not-too-hopeless 4-Fs go into what is called a "reserve of second category." They train actively in the field for several months of the year and constitute a home guard.

The 1-As, of course, are now in the war for the duration, but even before the Germans attacked Russia in 1941, the military service law of 1939 called for two years' service for men in the ground forces, three in the air force or border guard, four in the coast defenses or coast guard, five in the navy.

The recruit goes through everything our dogface must stomach. He sweats out hours of close-order drill and learns how to salute. Russian close-order drill consists mainly of column and wheeling movements, with none of our flank movements. When the Russian soldier salutes, he touches the finger tips of his right hand to his temple rather than to his right eyebrow. This type of highball gives him the appearance of a man wrapped deep in thought.

The Russian dogface stands endless inspections, must shave every day, is not allowed to grow a beard or mustache and must have his boots shined and his uniform pressed for morning and evening formations.

Length of basic training for the *krasnoarmeyetz* varies with the needs of the military situation. When his recruiting days are over he is sent—alone or in a group—to a technical school for special instruction in some particular weapon. Then he's assigned to a division for further training. He goes into action with that same outfit.

Once a Russian GI has had a reasonable amount of battle experience in the field with his division, he can be recommended for OCS. The Russians call it simply "military school."

Russian

Red Army men here are being trained to crawl with rifle in hand and fixed bayonet.

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Soldier

Recommendations come from the battalion or regimental commander, or in some rare cases from the divisional or army commander. A Russian soldier can't apply on his own hook but can't refuse if he's recommended.

Red Army Men and noncoms who have distinguished themselves in battle are often commissioned directly by the army commander. There are military schools in every branch of service, including the air force. In most cases the course has been cut down from the peacetime maximum of several years to a minimum of just a few weeks of instruction. By the time a man reaches a Russian OCS today, there isn't much doubt about whether or not he is a soldier.

Both officers and enlisted men now wear essentially the same uniform, adopted in its present form in 1942. First come soft black leather boots, called *sapogi*. Under the boots the men wear high socks. If there is an old noncom or officer in the outfit, he'll tip them off and they'll wear *portjanka*, too. *Portjanka* are puttees of non-GI soft cloth, wrapped around the leg as an additional layer between socks and boots. These were used in the Czarist days when men were not issued socks, and they're marvelously warm.

The rest of the uniform consists of ordinary underwear, OD pants, a tunic called *gimnasterka* and a shirt of a Russian shade of OD, slightly greener than ours and more like the forest green of the U. S. Marines. The new tunic buttons high at the neck. Shirts are worn without ties.

THE Red Army Man wears a cap similar to our overseas cap. He loathes wearing a helmet and has been bawled out time and again by his army commanders for going into battle with no more protection for his skull than a wool serge cap.

Even in summer the Russian dogface carries a huge ankle-length OD overcoat slung in a skillful roll over his shoulder. This, too, is a throwback to Czarist days, when men had to make overcoats double as blankets. Today when a Russian soldier becomes separated from his outfit and sleeping bag, he merely unslings his *shinel* or overcoat, wraps himself up and sleeps.

Around Oct. 1, special winter field clothing is issued to each man, consisting of felt boots to replace the leather ones, warm woolen underwear, a fur cap and gloves, a white fur camouflaged robe and one of the famous Russian quilted jackets. All this winter issue is turned in to the supply sergeant in the spring, and a fresh winter uniform is drawn next autumn.

The Red Army Man is never without his combat pack, or *ranetz*, in the field. Like a musette bag, it is slung over the back. It must always contain a spare shirt and underwear, a handkerchief, toilet articles, and emergency rations.

Sometimes these rations are our own beloved C or K kind, sent to Russia via Lend-Lease. More often they're the despised *svinya tushonka*.

Soldier-cooks move forward with the men, carrying portable field kitchens and samovars, sometimes to within a few hundred yards of the front lines. The samovar is an urn for heating water: the Russian soldier has to have his tea.

When hot stew or soup has been prepared, the cooks carry it themselves in big thermos pots to the men at their battle stations. The cooks are armed with rifles and very often three assistant cooks will be detailed to fight off an enemy patrol while the others work on the meal.

A very famous cook, Sgt. Ivan Khlukin, was cited recently when a passing general found his pots full of bullet dents and discovered a shell fragment in the soup. But this front-line action is only a small part of the rugged existence of the Red Army cook.

A boy from the Caucasus will walk into the kitchen and demand *shashlik*, or lamb barbecued on a spit. A Siberian from Magnitogorsk will insist on some *pelmene*, or meat frozen in dough. A homesick Middle Asian youngster from the Uzbek will come to the cook and beg him to knock out a bit of *plov*, which is curried lamb. A tough-looking Mongolian kid from Lake Baikal will threaten to break the cook's neck if he doesn't serve dried meat and rice in the next ten days.

Like American mess sergeants, however, the Russian cooks just shrug their shoulders and go right ahead mixing dehydrated vegetables and frozen meats into a nice easy-to-make *borscht*.

EVEN when he isn't pleased with the food, the Russian soldier sings practically all the time. Contrary to the general belief in the States, he doesn't sing a steady diet of mournful folk songs like the "Volga Boatman." He sings a strange new brand of Soviet jive that is sweeping the country.

This jive consists of Russian words fitted to ancient American songs like "Old Man River," "Jericho," "My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean," and "On a Bicycle Built for Two."

But the Russian song writers have been working overtime trying to equal the corniest efforts of our own Tin Pan Alley. Right now the most popular song on the Eastern front is a little number knocked out by the soldier-poet, Lt. Col. Konstanty Simonov, called "Wait for Me." It goes like this: "Wait for me and I'll return, dear one, only wait, when the leaves of autumn burn around our garden gate." That should be enough to give you the idea.

The Red Army Man also reads a great deal of Pushkin's poetry, writes his own verse and listens to almost endless readings of the exploits of Soviet heroes at other parts of the front. Last year three Red Army Men, Zhukov, Dubov and Klimenko, who had been transferred from Stalingrad to the Kuban front, were startled to hear themselves praised in a poem by Mikhail Sholokhov.

The *krasnoarmeyetz* names his rifle after his wife and likes to wear medals and decorations, not only "theater" ribbons and sharpshooter badges but special medals issued for such things as excellence in road repair or in baking.

Aside from worrying about the preservation of his own skin, a Red Army Man is singularly free from outside mental disturbances. His family at home is well provided for; an amount is withheld from the soldier's pay and matched by the government for dependency allotments. The system is similar to ours but more sweeping and absolutely compulsory. It leaves the Russian GI almost broke.

In addition, government agencies have been established to find jobs and apartments for soldiers' wives and to provide kindergartens and nurseries for their children.

Another thing that the Russian soldier never worries about is the fear of contracting venereal disease. Syphilis, gonorrhea and prostitution itself are almost nonexistent in Russia, according to Cmdr. Irwin L. Norman, a U. S. Navy surgeon who studied the question in Russia in 1940.

When you ask a Russian soldier about this, he'll shrug his shoulders and say, "I guess our women are too busy nowadays to go in for prostitution." Then he'll change the subject to basketball and offer to buy you a drink of vodka or vermouth.

He's not a bad guy.

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The sergeant steadies his wounded pals, two U. S. Rangers, being taken to the rear from the Italian front.

The War Roared Into This Italian Town But Didn't Even Stay for the Night

By Sgt. DAVE GOLDING
Africa Stars and Stripes Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY [By Cable to YANK]—There are many small towns in Italy that have not yet been touched by war. The town of Scafati was one of these—until one day, not so long ago, when British and German patrols met in its streets.

Scafati is a typical Italian town lying in the shadow of Mount Vesuvius near Naples. The majority of its 3,000 inhabitants live in old stone or stucco houses squeezed together on narrow crooked streets. A little stone bridge crosses the wide stream that splits the town in half. The area around the town is dotted with small farms, and the community depends on these farms for its living.

So Scafati itself is not very important except to the people who live in it. But it happens to be on the main road to Naples and in its crooked streets the German Army had decided to delay the Allied advance. British armored units of the Fifth Army had broken through the mountains north of Salerno and were approaching Scafati.

About 11 o'clock one morning the first British armored patrols reached the southern outskirts of the village. There they were stopped by excited Italians, a few of them carrying rifles and wearing arm bands marked by red crosses. Some of the natives also carried hand grenades stolen from the Germans. They informed the British commander that the bridge ahead was mined and flanked by German machine gunners.

The British commander was a young lieutenant with blond hair, a face streaked with grease, and a pair of stained dungarees. He thanked the townspeople and moved one of his tanks up to a bend in the road leading into the town. Around this bend was a bridge. The tank waited there while a Tommy climbed a house to see what was on the other side. He returned with the news that there was an antitank gun pointing toward them from the square in front of the bridge.

At this point a Bren carrier came up and the officer decided to let the carrier poke its nose around the curve just to see what would happen. The carrier was greeted with a hail of machine-gun bullets and quickly pulled its nose back again.

Meanwhile an Italian had volunteered to lead a small group of British soldiers around the town and across the river. More cars were coming up now, and a group of officers and men collected behind the tank to discuss the situation. A lieutenant colonel yelled for a tommy gun and took two men with him into the house nearest the bridge.

From the roof of this house they spotted the antitank gun and also a Mark III tank standing by the bridge. They opened up on the gun crew and forced them to scatter. The tank also backed across the bridge. Then the colonel came back down and called to a wire crew to convert the house into an observation post.

The street was getting noisier all this time. A British mortar crew had moved up and was firing away, zeroed in at 400 yards.

Two American soldiers, S/Sgt. Don Graeber of Salt Lake City, Utah, and Pvt. John Priester of New York, were sitting in a jeep watching the proceedings with interest. They were supposed to bring back German prisoners for questioning. For 15 minutes they sat there restlessly and then Graeber looked inquiringly at Priester. Priester thought for a moment and finally nodded. The two men reached back into the jeep and came up with a couple of rifles. Then they climbed out of the jeep and walked across the street into one of the buildings from which the British were firing.

Now the British were throwing too much lead for the Germans. The Jerries pulled away from the bridge and the British followed right on top of them. Two sappers were the first men across the bridge. They found several boxes of high explosives scattered about the bridge, but it was not mined as they had expected.

The battle moved to the other side of town. Three more German tanks were sighted, and British tanks moved across to engage them in combat.

On the Allies' side of the bridge, the Italian people came joyfully out of the houses, carrying fruit and wine.

The fight was still going on but the Germans were giving ground. The British were bringing up their armor and antitank equipment in force, and the infantry was moving quickly forward from house to house.

Following the battle course on foot, a group of four British correspondents rounded a corner behind a Bren carrier. A Mark III tank, retreating about 400 yards away, fired at the carrier and completely destroyed it. Three of the correspondents were killed at the same time.

Then British guns opened up and British tanks rolled past the wreckage of the carrier and past the bodies of the correspondents. Inch by inch they pushed the Germans out of Scafati back toward Naples.

As the last German tank fled from the town, rain began to fall and it had a sobering effect on the townspeople. The Germans had gone and the war was finally leaving them, but the scars of war remained. They looked at the shattered buildings and the bodies lying in the streets. Then they returned quietly to their houses. It was raining harder now and the sky was dark. British armored columns still rolled through the town after the retreating Germans.

This Week's Cover

THE climactic photograph in the remarkable series of pictures appearing on pages 2, 3 and 4 was made by YANK's Sgt. George Aarons, in Aleppo, Syria, just as the bullets from the rifles of a French firing squad struck the bodies of two Nazi spies. The legs of the spy at the left buckle as the top of the stake to which he is bound falls, sheared off by slugs. The man at right slumps to the ground. Behind each stake a cloud of smoke can be seen.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover, 2, 3, 4—Sgt. George Aarons. 5—Sgt. John Bushemi. 6 & 7—Sovfoto. 8—PA. 9—U. S. Navy. 10—Sgt. Ed Cunningham. 12—Left top and bottom, Acme; top right, T/Sgt. Robert Dunn; center right, AAF; lower center, Sgt. Dick Hanley; lower right, Acme. 13—Top left, Signal Corps; left center, U. S. Army; lower left, Pvt. Frank Tynan; right top and center, Marine Corps; lower right, INP. 16—Top left, Sgt. Dillon Feris; top right, Sgt. John Frano; center, De Ridder AAB; lower left, Southeast AAF Tng. Center; lower right, Presque Isle AAF. 17—Top, PRO, Camp White, Oreg.; center, Sgt. John Frano. 20 & 21—Columbia Pictures. 23—Top left and bottom, Acme; top right, INP.

You Simply Can't Trust My Brother—He Even Reads Our Mail

SOMEWHERE IN SOUTH AMERICA—S/Sgt. Gerry Peterson of Marion, Ohio, stationed at an Army post here, recently wrote to his brother, Cpl. David Peterson, at the Lincoln (Nebr.) Army Air Base. Gerry was worried about a third brother, John, an infantry captain, whom he hadn't heard from in some time.

At the end of Gerry's letter to Dave there was a postscript, added by the censor:

"I am feeling fine and have been wondering for some time where Gerry was stationed. I'll write him tonight. Yours, John."

Now Dave and Gerry hear from the captain regularly, since he adds a few notes at the bottom of their letters after censoring them.

—YANK Field Correspondent

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You've Never Had It So Good, Or Life in Darkest Central Africa

CENTRAL AFRICA—How dark life in Africa can be depends on your station. Some in the interior are hot, dusty and altogether a sad sack; others, like this one, are built-up bases with barracks, recreation halls, movies, trucks to the beach, ball leagues and all the diversions of a camp back home in the States.

In accordance with the GI book, we have inspections, hup trup by the flank and all that. But the big difference between home stations and this base is freedom from GI details. Natives police our kitchen, latrines, streets and quarters, and clean all gear except our rifles. The houseboys do almost everything except collect our mail: the Post Office insists that soldiers claim their own.

Otherwise the soldier's day in Central Africa is standard stuff, with tropical variations: regular duty hours, starting at 7 A. M.; C rations, with now and then some native food—yams, plaintain or cassava; plenty of fresh fruit; movies under the stars or in the rain. After 6 P. M. we wear mosquito uniform—shirts buttoned up, sleeves rolled down, mosquito boots or leggins.

This time of the year you wear a field jacket at night. Unless you're in barracks, you take a cold shower in the open behind a windbreak to baffle the strong ocean breeze. Goose pimples in the Tropics and blankets at night—under your mosquito net.

As GIs will find when they're quartered near the British, Yanks and Tommies can get along swell, especially after they've shared the miseries of troopship travel. RAFs and USAAFs exchange visits. They enjoy our movies and stage shows (five in eight months) and we enjoy their shows.

Probably sounds as if we never had it so good. On the debit side are malaria, tropical fungus diseases, glaring sun and the red dust of Africa, whirling in clouds stirred by revving propellers.

—Sgt. NORMAN McKENNA
YANK Field Correspondent

"Dash It, Old Boy! Where's My Monocle?" Said the British Sailor

ENGLAND—Like a Park Avenue dowager on a slumming party, the British Navy went democratic recently. An admiralty fleet order granted enlisted men the right to wear monocles.

Until now the monocle has been the exclusive privilege of the gold braid. Adm. Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, one of the great British naval heroes, was never seen without one. When his orderly woke him up in the mornings, the monocle was already fastened securely in the admiral's eye.

The new regulation, permitting naval ratings to wear the fancy eyeglass, is the result of a one-man campaign by CPO Philip Morter, an instrument maker who wore a monocle for years and was reluctant to part with it when he volunteered for the Navy. The Navy badly needed instrument makers, so Morter felt that he could make his own terms. He did.

—YANK Field Correspondent

Here's the Iceland Version Of the Old Telephone Number Gag

ICELAND—S/Sgt. John Ciemny of Chicago, Ill., fancies himself as something of a sheik, so he was in a receptive mood when a buddy mentioned a phone number and suggested that John might get a date by a little fast patter on the phone.

"Hello, honey, what are you doing tonight?" asked the unsuspecting sergeant.

"*Klukkan er nuna eight*," came the reply in a charming feminine voice.

"How would you like to go out for dinner and then to a show?" John asked next.

"*Klukkan er nuna eight*," the gal answered.

"Okay, then," said the Chicagoan, "see you later."

Boasting of his easy conquest to another soldier, Ciemny was a little surprised when the GI guffawed.

"Don't you know what '*Klukkan er nuna eight*' means in Icelandic, John?" he was asked. "That's a special Iceland number. The girl repeats every 10 seconds, 'The time is now——' "

—YANK Staff Correspondent

Not-So-Small World

PARAMARIBO, SURINAM—Though Pvt. Richard Housley of La Follette, Tenn., lived all his civilian life in the next town to his cousin, Pvt. Jack Grey of Westborne, Tenn., they never met.

Dick was shipped down to a camp in Surinam, and was there only a few days when he learned casually from another soldier that cousin Jack was stationed only a mile or two away.

Well, it may be a small world, but Dick still hasn't met Jack. He was shipped out the next day.

—Pvt. BERNARD FREEMAN
YANK Field Correspondent

This Yank's Sweating Out His 16th Year in South Pacific

NEW GUINEA — There's an American soldier here who has been Down Under for 16 years.

Pvt. Thomas C. Ford left San Francisco in 1927 at the age of 3, and has been living in Long Jetty, New South Wales, ever since. Six months ago, Ford decided he'd like to get into the war. In his case it was strictly a voluntary proposition. Since he was an American citizen, the Australian Forces couldn't touch him.

But Ford wanted to see some action. So he visited the American consulate, explained his case and took the oath of allegiance. Three weeks later he arrived in New Guinea. Because he had worked as a sheet-metal worker in a Sydney (Australia) aircraft factory, Ford was assigned to a bomb squadron's engineering section.

From time to time the combination of Ford's GI uniform and his Down Under accent has led to trouble. Strangers sometimes suspect him of misrepresentation. Naturally enough, his squadron knows him only as "Dinky Die" or "Aussie."

Ford still thinks his talking to the consul was a good idea, but he has a hankering now to go back to the States with his squadron when it's all over. Whether Uncle Sam will arrange for the transportation or will send Ford back to Long Jetty, his point of induction, isn't known. Meanwhile Ford is watching the football scores of the American teams, just so he'll be prepared. His "education" is coming along.

—Cpl. OZZIE ST. GEORGE
YANK Staff Correspondent

German War Prisoner Marries Absent Bride in Camp Polk Ceremony

CAMP POLK, LA.—A corporal in the German Afrika Korps, captured in the Allied victory in Tunisia, was married by long distance here to his German sweetheart. The ceremony, first of its kind in the United States, took place in the prisoner-of-war stockade, with the bridegroom present but the bride in Insterburg, Germany.

Max Sarbrowski, 26, who also lived in that East Prussia town before he went to war, had planned to be married to 20-year-old Erna Helene Dabinnus last May, but the war postponed the wedding. Now, by permission of the U.S. government, they are man and wife.

Max Weiss, highest ranking noncom among the German prisoners and "camp leader," performed the ceremony. Two other noncoms signed the certificate of marriage as witnesses after Sarbrowski inscribed his name. Present were prisoners from each compound.

The Germans formed a hollow square around the area where the ceremony took place, and sang two songs in German, "This Is the Day of Our Lord" and "The Bride's Song." Then a German corporal played "Ave Maria" on the violin. Three American officers, including Sarbrowski's company commander, Lt. Raymond Peeler of Houston, Tex., attended.

—YANK Staff Correspondent

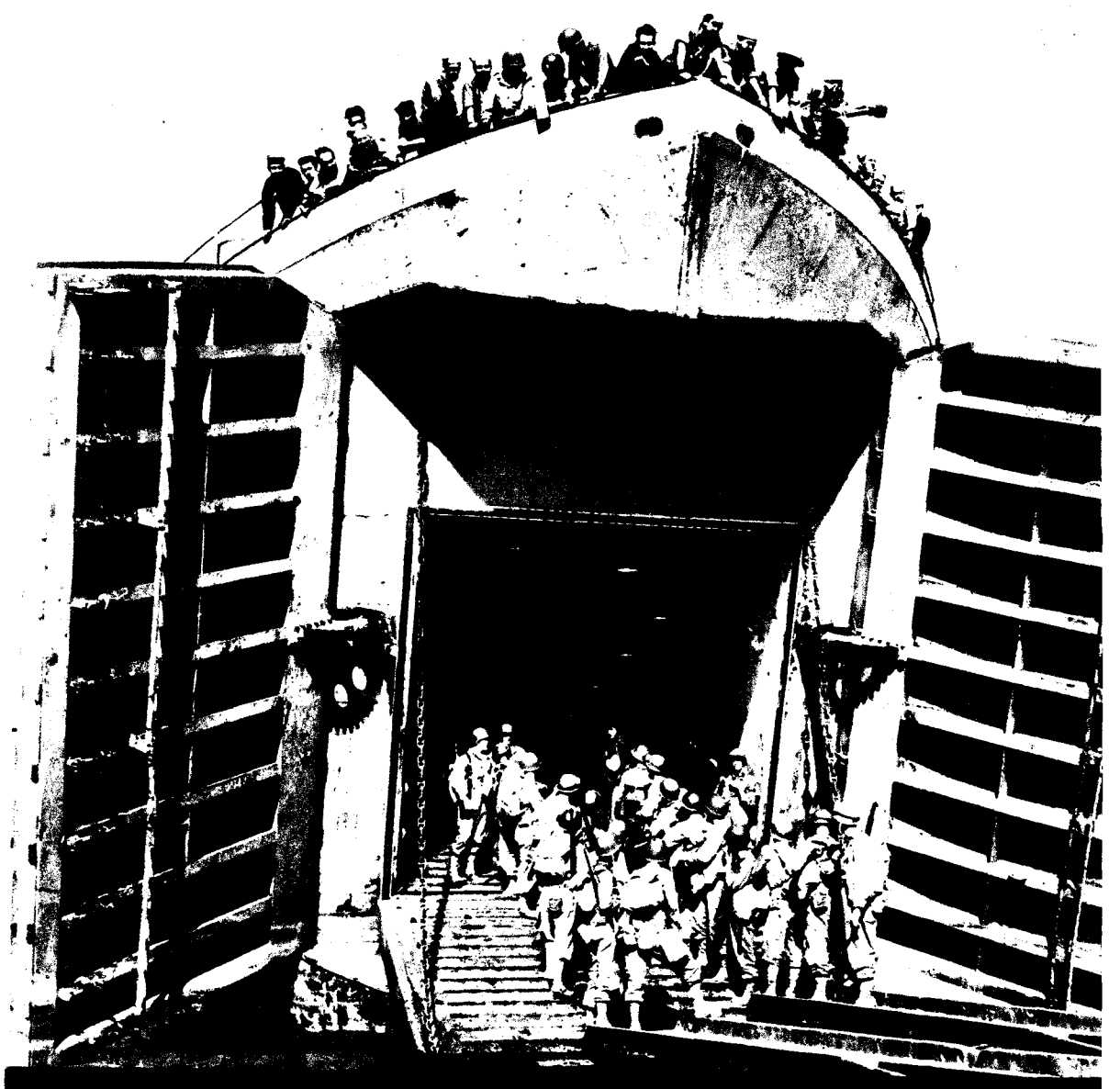
Ball Player Saves Six Lives, Throws Grenade Into Liberia Stream

LIBERIA—Quick thinking on the part of T-3 Bill Maser of Johnstown, Pa., probably saved the lives of six buddies here when a defective hand grenade started to sizzle in a box they were unpacking.

Maser, noticing smoke and hearing a hissing noise, coolly grabbed the grenade and heaved it into a stream 50 feet away. There the grenade exploded without harm to the soldiers, though it killed hundreds of fish.

Maser played baseball for several teams back home in Pennsylvania. He has been overseas for more than 16 months.

—Sgt. GEORGE ABRAHAM
YANK Field Correspondent



An American LST (Landing Ship-Tank) opens her huge bow doors to let in some fighting men—bound for Italy.

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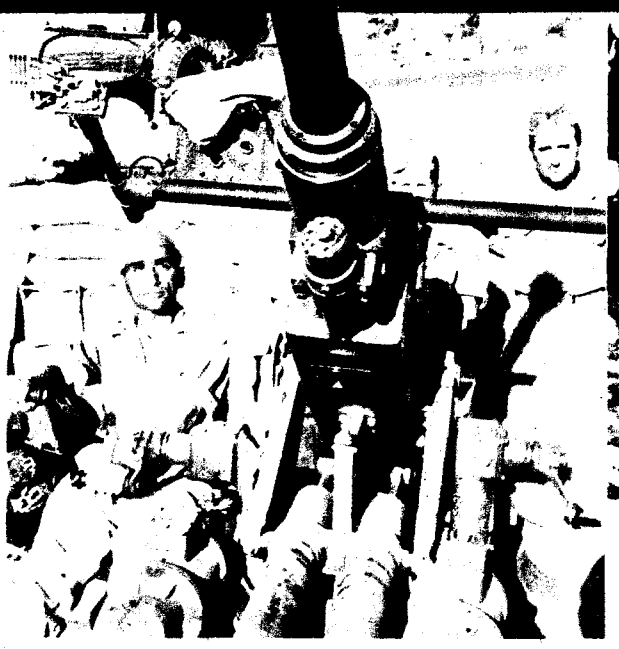
Pfc. Tony Pace and his 80-year-old Maltese mother, who wears a "faldetta," traditional hooded cape.

Pfc. Pace (left) at post as an azimuth tracker on a U.S. 40-mm gun crew defending Malta.



Three Yanks of the AA crews: 1st Lt. William Ragsdale, Sgt. John Dever, Pvt. Leon Staszewski.

Just Like a Furlough

Here's one GI who didn't mind when they sent his antiaircraft outfit somewhere in the Mediterranean. It turned out to be his own home town. He arrived two days before his first allotment check.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

MALTA—When Malta-born Pfc. Tony Pace of New York City arrived in North Africa with an ack-ack outfit, he put in for a furlough to visit his family on this little British island in the Mediterranean. The executive officer, Maj. William P. Scholl of Charlotte, N. C., was encouraging, but before the furlough came through, Tony's unit shipped out under secret orders.

Pace had just about given up hope of seeing his 80-year-old mother, his five sisters and his two brothers, when the ship hove to one morning at dawn off a familiar-looking port. It was the harbor of Gozo on one of the five islands comprising the Malta group, and Tony had been born in a house just a mile away.

The Coast Artillery outfit, in which Pace is an azimuth tracker on a 40-mm gun, was the only American ground unit to take part in the defense of this island fortress and Royal Navy base, often described as the most-bombed spot on earth. The unit, commanded by Lt. Col. J. H. Brubaker of Easton, Pa., arrived before the invasion of Sicily, when Malta was still a regular target for Axis bombers. "Brubaker's Yanks" took over the job of protecting a new airfield, constructed in just 20 days by a battalion of American aviation engineers and immediately put to use by U. S. fighter-bombers softening up Sicily for the Allied invasion.

The American ack-ack crews got a preview of their job en route here. After a 900-mile forced motor march across North Africa in 75 hours, they embarked for Malta on a U. S. Liberty ship. The first day out, their convoy was jumped by Axis planes in the Sicilian Straits.

Alongside the ship's regular U. S. Navy gun crews, a hundred coast artillerymen manned both the ship's guns and their own weapons to beat off three enemy attacks. The first raiders were ME-109s and FW-190s, and one of them was shot down before the Germans withdrew.

A couple of hours later, another squadron of German planes and a submarine renewed the attack on the Liberty ship and its convoy. By this time RAF Spitfires were on hand to help out the ack-ack gunners. In the battle, two German planes were destroyed and the U-boat was sent to the bottom by depth charges.

After dark the convoy was attacked a third time, by JU-88s, which were beaten off by the ship's ack-ack guns. Three of the Junkers were downed. After experiencing the three attacks at sea, the Yanks were glad to get Malta's firm rock under their feet.

In a short time the crews had set up their guns and were joining the famous "Junkers Serenade," the formidable Malta ground defenses that have lulled the airmen of 236 Axis planes into permanent slumber. Malta-based RAF planes accounted for 1,002 other enemy aircraft in the three-year aerial siege to which the island was subjected.

From June 11, 1940, when Italian planes raided Malta the day after Mussolini plunged his country into war, until the conquest of Sicily, Malta withstood more than 1,100 air attacks by German and Italian planes. The courage of the island's people did not falter, though 1,450 civilians were killed, 9,000 buildings were destroyed and 16,500 tons of bombs dropped on the 122 square miles of Malta.

After "taking" it so long, the Maltese people were glad when Malta was selected as the jumping-off spot for the invasion of Sicily. It was sweet revenge because Sicily had been the chief base of Axis operations against Malta in the three years of siege.

"Brubaker's Yanks" shared the islanders' pleasure when Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, commander of Allied forces in the Mediterranean, set up his headquarters here before the Sicily attack. Hundreds of Allied ships set out from Malta's harbors to take part in the invasion of the Italian island, just 58 miles to the north. British, American and South African bombers and fighters took off from Maltese airfields to provide much of the air cover for the first Allied invasion wave and subsequent attacks.

Axis raiders made a few abortive attempts to destroy Malta-based ships and aircraft during the Sicilian campaign, but they were driven off by the island's fighter-plane protection and the British and American ground defenses.

Defending Malta is an around-the-clock job, though now that Sicily has fallen things are pretty quiet. The Yank ack-ack crews still keep on the alert 24 hours a day, but their actual time in the gun pits seldom runs more than eight hours a day. Each man gets 12 hours of leave every other week, plus one day off a month. That's when he heads for the narrow streets of Valletta, capital of Malta, built on a hill overlooking Grand Harbour.

Two U.S. soldiers look over the ruins of Malta.

"Brubaker's Yanks" include 1st Lt. William Ragsdale of Camden, Ark.; 2d Lt. Joseph Fresard of Detroit, Mich.; Sgt. Edward B. Butler of Newark, N. J.; Sgt. John Dever and Cpl. Steve Vaykowsky of the Bronx, N. Y.; T-5 Charles Posner of New York City; Pfc. Eugene Rader of Hammonton, N. J.; Pfc. Norman Wilson of Kitterey Point, Maine; Pfc. Frank McFarland of Millville, N. J.; Pvt. Frank Cinque of New York City; Pvt. John Hetheringon of Newark, N. J.; Pvt. Leon Staszewski of Philadelphia, Pa., and others.

Partly because Tony Pace was a member of the outfit, but also because the Maltese are naturally warm-hearted, the Yanks have been invited to dinners and parties by families who willingly shared their own strictly rationed food with their guests.

Tony was in the first launch that landed at Gozo's docks. He was recognized by a boyhood friend, and soon the news spread around the island. Hundreds of Maltese crowded the docks to welcome home their native son. A few hours later he was at home with his family, whom he hadn't seen since he left Malta to go to the States 14 years ago and become an American citizen.

Tony was working as a janitor in a Wall Street brokerage house when he was inducted a year ago. He arrived in Malta just two days before the first of his own U. S. Army allotment checks, made out to his mother.

Things are a little boring now for Tony and the rest of "Brubaker's Yanks." Other than an occasional alert, there's nothing to break up the long hours in sand-bagged gun pits under the shifting rays of the hot sun. All the Yank gun crews are anxious to catch up with the war again. They want to try their aim on more Axis planes.

Probably they will soon get their wish. When that time comes, the Yanks expect to make friends as quickly in their new location as they did here. As 1st Sgt. Jerry Leone, himself an Italian-American from Newton, Mass., put it:

"We have guys in this outfit from Italy, France, Poland, Spain, Russia, Portugal, Germany, China, Norway and Denmark. So whadda we got to worry about? No matter where we go, we'll have another Tony Pace to put us in solid with the local population."

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JUNGLE WAR

This anonymous noncom isn't supposed to be a writer but his intelligence report is one of the best combat stories of the war.

A favorite Japanese trick is to capture a wounded man, place him near a trail and then cover him with machine-gun fire.

WE were flown over the Owen Stanley range to relieve an Australian combat unit, which was keeping open a trail over which natives were bringing up supplies.

The first day we had snipers firing into our perimeter (an area with all-around defense) with explosive bullets, which were very irritating and nerve-wracking. The next morning the same thing started. I got permission from my lieutenant to go out and see if I could find the sniper. I walked about 40 yards out of the perimeter, and I saw him in a large tree about 300 yards away. Since this was the first Jap I had seen, I was quite nervous. I took my time and fired five shots. The Jap fell only partly out of the tree; he was tied in by his legs, and his rifle was strapped to a limb.

Our first general activity was to send out patrols under company noncoms, to be sure there were no Japs digging in.

One day about noon, our commander asked for volunteers to go into an area believed to be occupied by the Japs. I asked for two men to go with me into the area. We had gone about 300 yards when we thought we heard something moving in the undergrowth. I left the two men behind and crawled up to a place where the growth had been cut down to about knee height. There I could see fresh dirt, so I lay still and listened for about 30 minutes. Then I brought the other two men up with me and I left them in my position while I crawled forward to investigate. I found a freshly dug hole, with a banana-tree trunk forming a wall about waist high on two sides of it.

I called the other men up, and we decided to go back and report what we had seen; however, just then a .25-caliber machine gun opened up, and we immediately dived into the hole. We thought that the enemy was covering the hole with this one gun, but another .25 caliber opened up from another direction. All during the afternoon we exchanged fire with them, using our Thompson submachine guns and the one Browning automatic rifle we had with us. At about 2000, after dark, we went back into the jungle and got away without a shot being fired at us. We stayed in the jungle that night because it is absolute suicide to go into your own perimeter after dark.

Next morning we reported what we had seen. At night you're not permitted to fire your rifle because it would reveal to the Japs exactly where you are—you use only hand grenades and the bayonet.

The Japs will go from tree to tree during the hours of darkness and make noises, or call familiar names of people, or call your medical personnel. When they have located your perimeter, they fire their machine guns about waist high over your position; then they send a group of men crawling in under their own fire. They crawl very slowly until they feel the edge of your foxhole; then they will back away a bit and throw in hand grenades.

Another favorite Japanese trick is to capture a wounded man and place him near a trail or perimeter and then cover him with machine-gun fire. They will torture him until he screams and yells for help, but it is absolutely suicide to send in help for him.

One morning at 0845 we were told we were going to attack the Jap perimeter at 0900. The lieutenant in charge took with him two runners, who carried a telephone and the necessary wire. When we were at the right position, our artillery and machine guns laid down a barrage until the lieutenant telephoned back for them to stop. We moved on, on our bellies. The Japs were out of their pillboxes and seemed to be doing some sort of fatigue work. There were six of us who got within 20 yards of them without being seen. We had three Tommy guns, a Browning automatic rifle, a Springfield rifle, and a Garand rifle. The lieutenant motioned for us to start firing. One sergeant threw a grenade, and, as it hit, we opened up with all our guns. There wasn't a single Jap who escaped, but there were some left in pillboxes, and they pinned us down with fire from one .50-caliber machine gun and from several .30-caliber machine guns. One of our six men got hit near the hip with a .50-caliber bullet, which lodged in his left shoulder. The Japs also wounded three more of our men who were behind us. The lieutenant telephoned the commanding officer and told him our situation, and we were ordered to retire. Later we made another attack on this perimeter and took it.

There was a lieutenant who had been shot down near a pillbox, and our commanding officer asked for volunteers to go in and get him. When he was last seen he was still alive, but when we got to him, after wading through swamp water waist deep, he was lying on his stomach—dead. While we were going toward him, the Japanese had killed the lieutenant by slashing his stomach, and had placed him on an "island." We put him on a litter and started back into our own perimeter, but the Japs opened fire on us, and we had to leave him and take cover in the trees. I thought the fire was coming from only one pillbox, so we all started firing in the direction from which the fire was coming. We soon learned, however, that there were two more pillboxes from which we also were receiving machine-gun fire. When they stopped firing, another boy and myself went out and got the lieutenant and took him into the perimeter. Later he was taken to battalion headquarters (command post) where he was buried in the regimental burial ground.

A few weeks later our battalion moved into a position to make an attack on a large Japanese perimeter. All artillery and machine-gun fire was concentrated on this perimeter before the infantry started pushing forward. The heat was terrific. We moved in about 100 yards under Japanese fire, with two platoons forward and one in reserve (the squads also were two forward and one in reserve). My squad was in reserve when we started forward.

The lieutenant sent back for me to bring my squad forward and relieve the right squad. Because so many of this squad had been killed and wounded or had passed out from heat exhaustion, I thought I might find a better place to put my men. So I crawled forward to find positions for them. I had found a few good shell holes, some logs, and depressions in the ground, when a .30-caliber machine gun opened fire on me. The first burst hit the front handle grip of my Tommy gun, and, of course, I got as low as possible; but the second burst hit my Tommy gun drum, and two bullets hit me in the arm. Also, fragments of the drum hit me hard—on the hand and shoulder. These .30's were explosive bullets which broke up my arm and tore a great deal of flesh away from it. It felt as if an ax blade were shearing through the flesh of my arm.

I rolled over into a small depression of the ground, and took my knife out and tried to cut off the sleeve of my coveralls. While I was cutting, I saw the barrel of the .30 caliber sticking out of a small pillbox, so I rolled back and got my Tommy gun, thinking there might be a chance of knocking out this one machine gun, which was about 20 yards away.

Just as I was getting in the right position to shoot, a .25-caliber machine gun opened up from the left. One bullet hit me in the elbow and one in the ribs—the latter went through my pipe and a can of tobacco and only broke my rib. I pulled out this bullet myself, burning my index finger on the hot lead. Another bullet went through my helmet and just grazed my scalp.

I lay there for about 3 hours in the hot sun, bleeding profusely. Figuring that I would bleed to death if I remained there, I began to crawl back to my own men—only hoping and trusting to God that He would give me strength and protection to get back. I got back to my men, and the platoon medical personnel made a hasty cross splint and sling for my mangled left arm.

One of my men helped me back to the command post where litter bearers took me back to a dispensary. Attendants gave me morphine and put me on a jeep, which carried me back—with several other casualties — to a portable hospital. There medical officers removed two bullets. Next day I was sent to a landing field where a plane was waiting to take casualties to Port Moresby.

YANK reprints this anonymous report on combat conditions in New Guinea by a wounded noncom from the *Intelligence Bulletin* with permission of the War Department's Military Intelligence Service.

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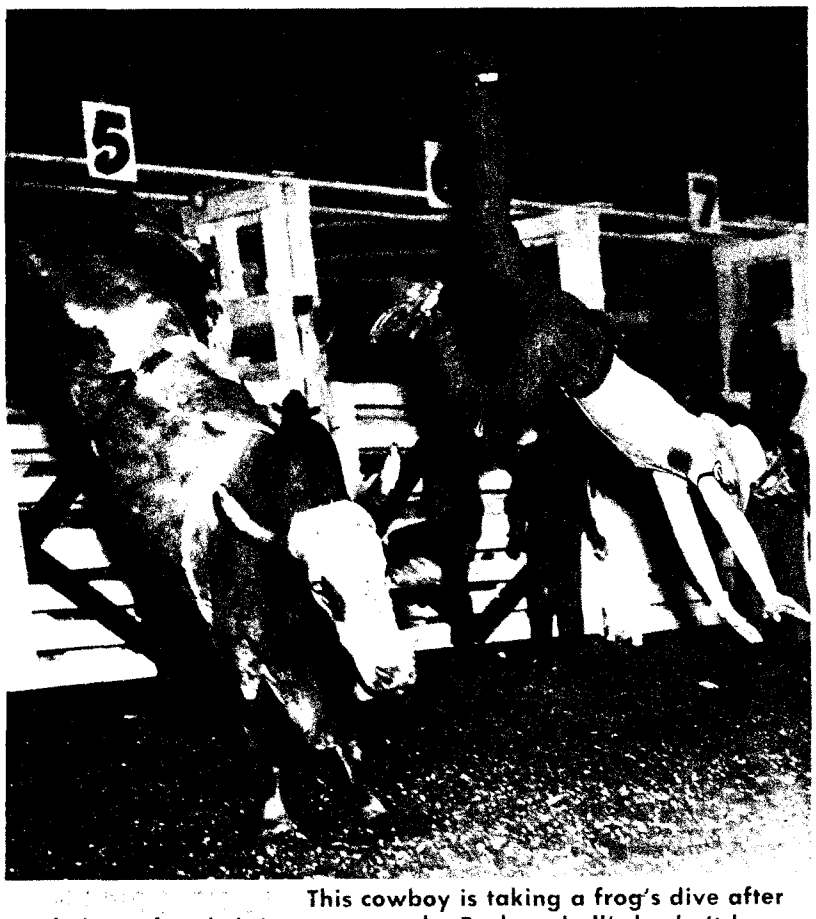
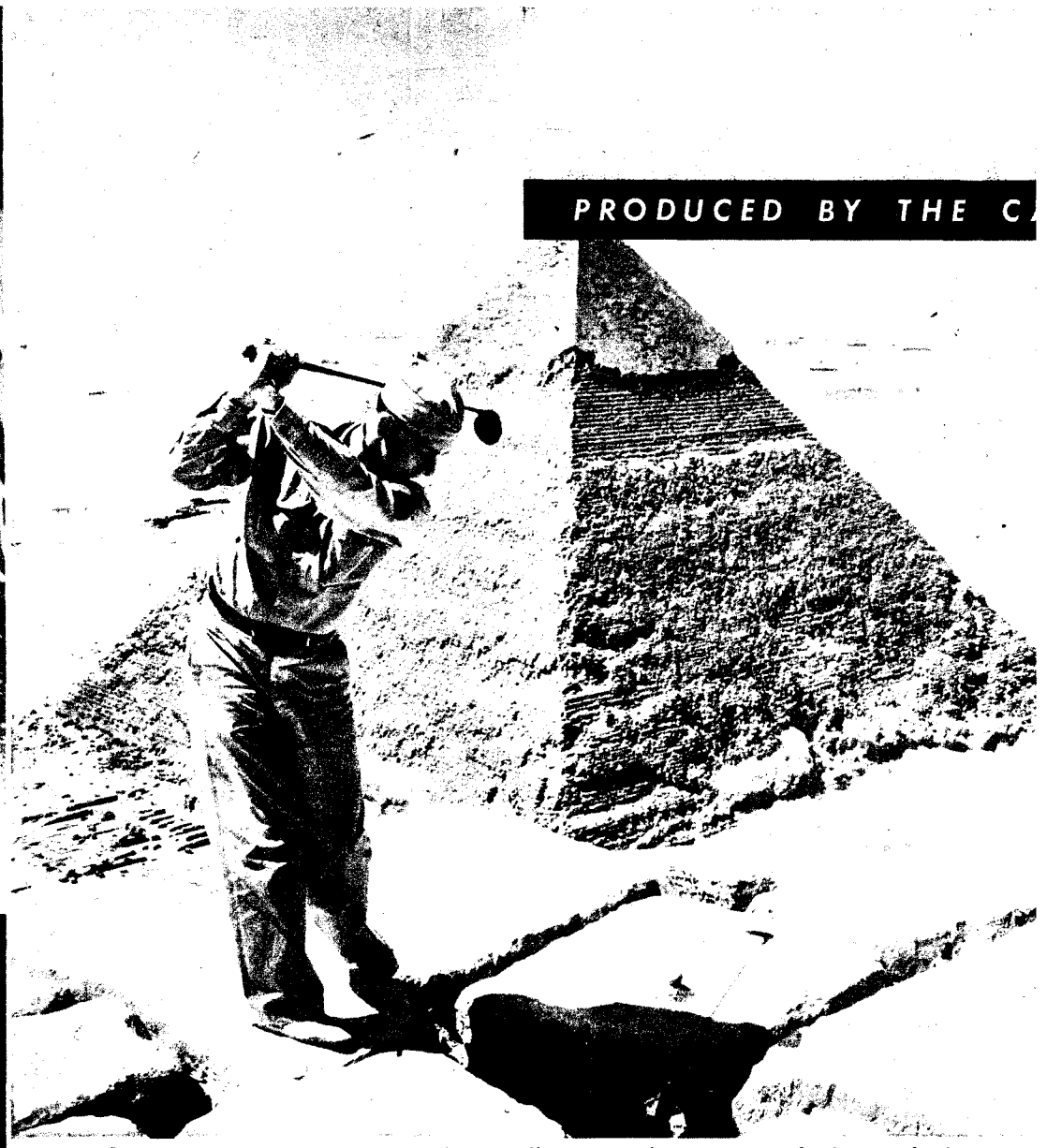
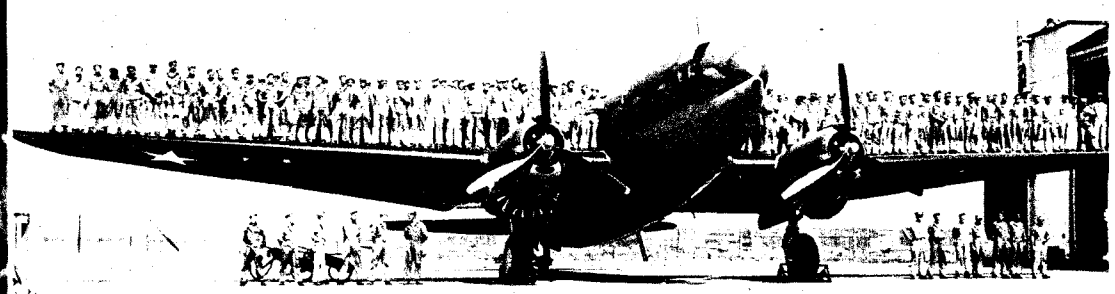


This cowboy is taking a frog's dive after being refused sitting room on the Brahma bull's back. It happened at the rodeo in New York's Madison Square Garden.



S Sgt. Ted E. Bodle Jr. is about to smash the myth that no one could drive a golf ball off the top of Egypt's Pyramid of Cheops and clear the base. The sergeant climbed up 450 feet and drove four balls nearly 400 yards away.

Lady Korda, better known to movie fans as Merle Oberon, has shown up with a pair of pins which we haven't had the pleasure of seeing before.



SKY GIANT. This C-46 Curtiss Commando has no trouble in holding over a hundred AAFTC mechanics on its wings. The world's largest twin-engined airplane, the C-46 is used for transporting men, supplies and equipment to the war zones.

PRECIOUS SOUVENIR. Pvt. Edgar Heater (right) won't salvage helmet which saved him from Jap bullets in South Pacific.

THOSE EYES! Virginia Cruzon, MGM actress, won a photographers' title of "the most beautiful eyes."

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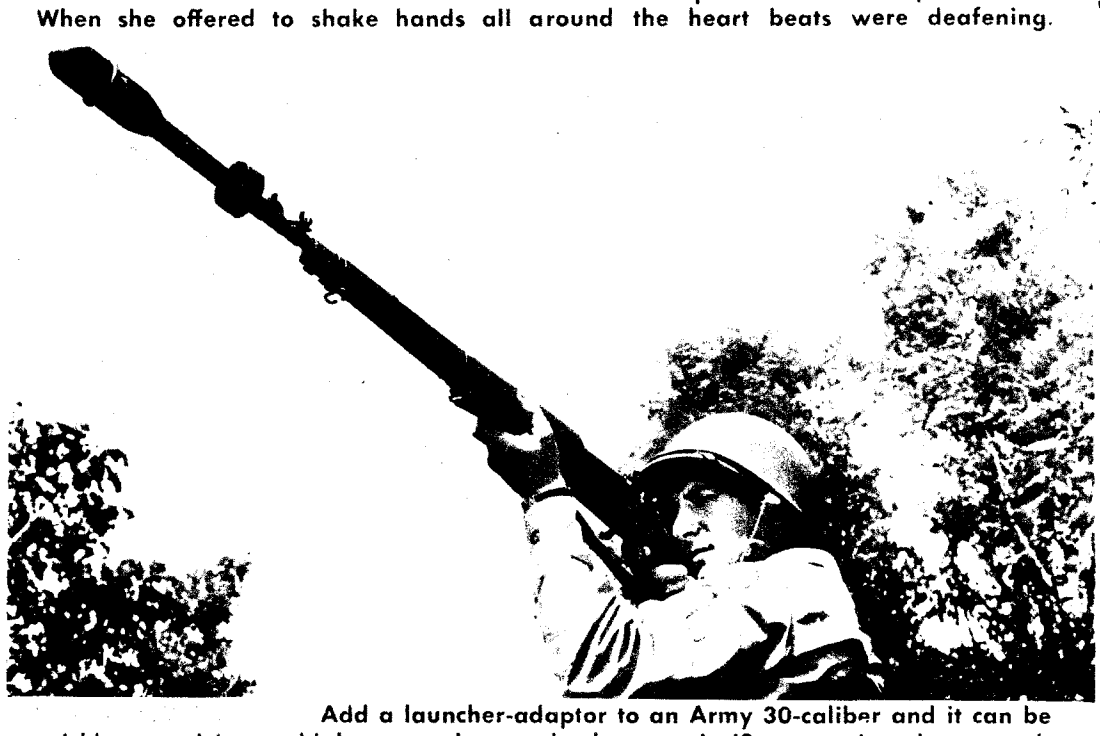
Ilona Massey, singer and actress, made history for a lot of soldiers stationed at this Caribbean base when she paid them an unexpected visit. When she offered to shake hands all around the heart beats were deafening.

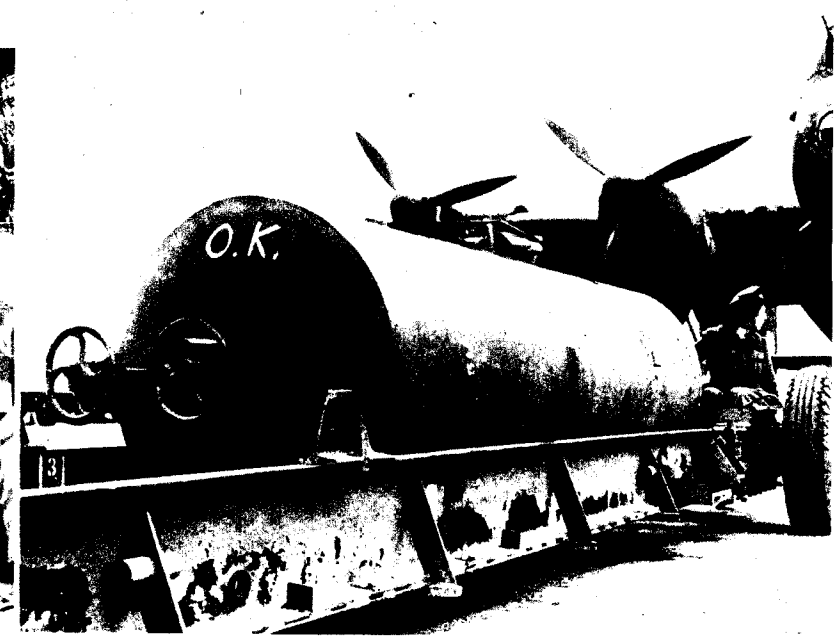
A couple of Marine Raiders run and jump into the nearest foxhole as "Washing Machine Charlie," a Jap flyer, makes his daily visit to Enogai in New Georgia.



Add a launcher-adaptor to an Army 30-caliber and it can be quickly turned into a high-powered grenade thrower. A rifle so equipped can reach the areas not covered by hand grenades and is especially effective against pillboxes.

The showing of the movie "Wake Island" at the Post Command Theater on Guadalcanal brought out more than GI's. It was opening night for this native, too.

This is exhibitors' row on one of three barges used for a mass dog show on a lake in Panama. The show, put on by coast artillerymen, featured awards in such classes as "Prettiest Dog," Oddest Dog," and "Smallest Full-grown Dog."



What looks like a small oil car is really 8,000 pounds of destruction about to be loaded onto a British Lançaster bomber. It's the RAF's famous 4-ton block buster.

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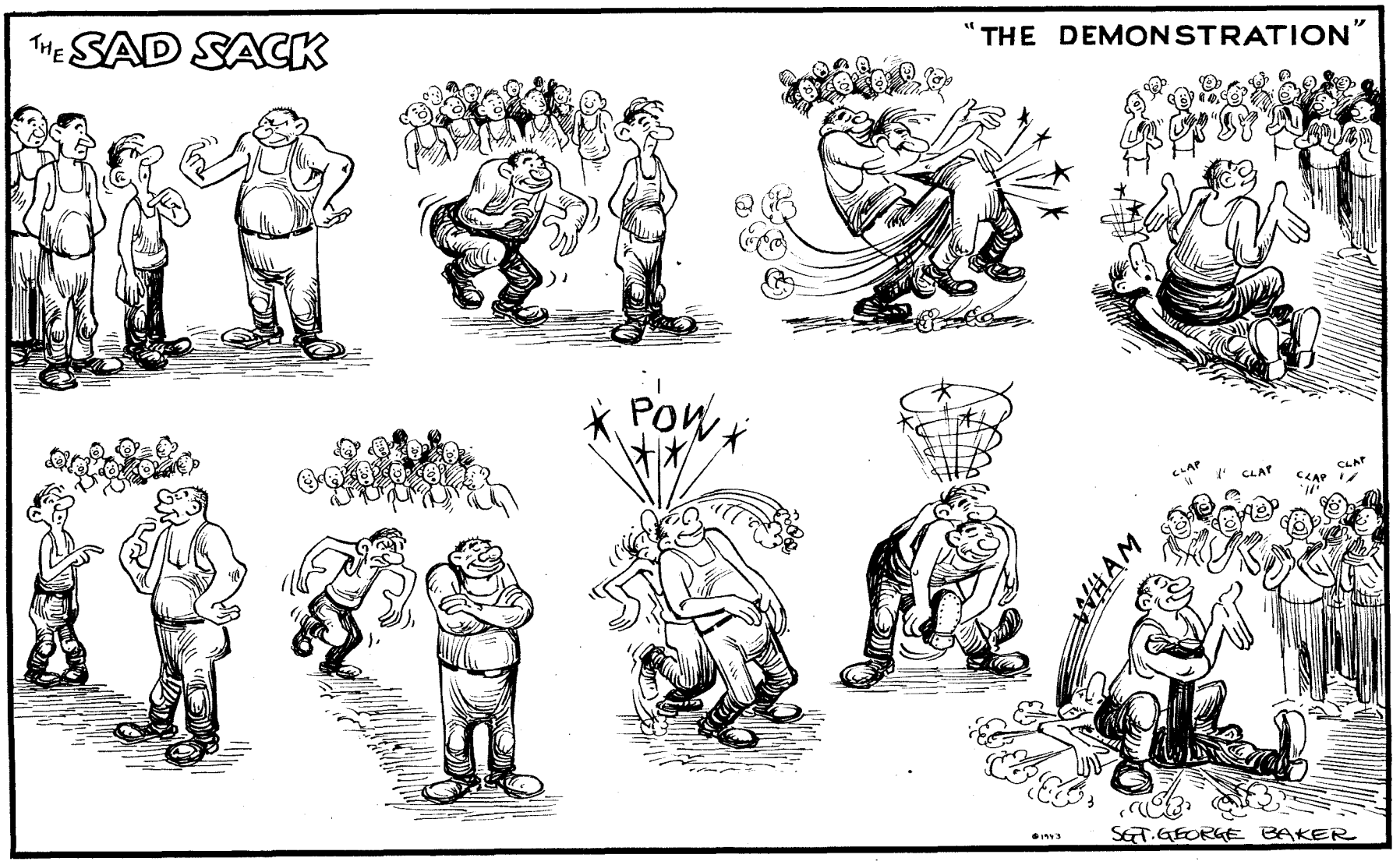


NOMINATIONS ARE NOW IN ORDER

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

HERE it is November again, just as I predicted, and high time for soldiers to begin to think about next year's election. There's a lot of good Presidential timber in the field. Now's the time, before the heat and emotionalism of the campaign, to take a careful look at the men and at their records.

A leading contender for nomination is M/Sgt. Joe Lacke, stationed at an obscure camp in California. Far-western service delegations will go all-out for Joe on the first ballot, because he always says "C'mon men, let's get going," or "Hey you guys, get to work!"

No reliable witness ever has heard Joe say, "Let's get on the ball" or "You guys better get on the ball!"

Once in the spring of 1941 Joe was overheard saying to a private, "You better get on the ball!" Under the circumstances, however, this was considered excusable. A dam had broken nearby, and a five-foot wall of water was rushing down the valley toward the unsuspecting private. Near him was a huge stone ball, about nine feet high, with steps leading up to the top. Hence M/Sgt. Joe's remark. He will be a hard man to beat.

Capt. A. E. Dillingslip of a Signal Corps outfit in Tennessee is another strong contender. He gained prominence in a speech he was required to give to a company of recruits on "The Customs of the Service."

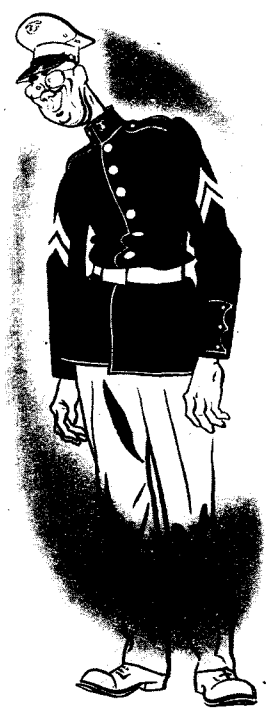
"First," he said, "we will discuss the salute. Why do we salute? We salute because it is one of the rules of the Army. You had better salute or you will get yourselves in trouble."

The applause was terrific. There were several shorthand reporters in the audience on that now historic occasion. They have signed affidavits to the effect that Capt. Dillingslip never once mentioned "saluting the uniform, not the man," and he said nothing about "simply a greeting, like how-do-you-do." His fame has spread rapidly through the army, and he is sure to be in the final running.

Politics makes strange bunkfellows. Take the case of Cpl. Harry Bland of the Marine Corps, who is being strongly supported for nomination by both the Army and the Navy.

"I'm in the Marine Corps," says Cpl. Bland, who does most of his campaigning in barrooms, "but I only have a desk job in the office. I'm not very good at fighting and I certainly am not looking for a fight tonight."

It has been definitely established that Cpl. Bland is entitled to wear four minor medals over his left blouse pocket, but he seldom puts them on. When he learned that he was to be sent overseas Cpl. Bland said, "I like it here in the States very much and I must say that I'm sorry to leave. I hope that I come out of this unhurt."



CPL. HARRY BLAND

CAPT. DILLINGSLIP

T/SGT. LADRONA

The Army and Navy may sweep Bland in, despite the opposition of his own buddies. Old-guard marines are trying to read him out of the corps.

Pvt. Albert Bronson, field artillery, has earned a wide reputation for honesty and square dealing. "I never have been promoted during my 18 months in the army," he observes. "I guess it's because I really haven't shown outstanding ability. I know my CO always has been very fair, and the promotions he has given were well deserved."

Another strong campaign is being conducted by T/Sgt. Tony Ladrona of Atlanta. "I have very few love affairs," he has stated publicly in barracks at night (when asked). "Women don't seem to care for me, and those I do get acquainted with are, for the most part, unattractive. I suppose I haven't any sex appeal."

There are a lot of good garrison caps in the ring. It is every soldier's solemn duty to make an intelligent choice, so study the records and choose the most fearless and forthright. It doesn't matter how you vote, but *vote!*

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

Should Ribbons Be Sold?

WE had a letter recently from six infantrymen in the South Pacific—Pvt. Floyd H. Mize, Pfc. Richard Corrigan, T-5 Harold Green, Pfc. Gerald L. Stevens, T-5 Arthur Dahlin and Cpl. Chet Cagne—asking us to publish a few words for them. It is a pleasure to publish the words because they echo one of our pet peeves:

"Our fellow soldiers who have returned to the States tell us that our well-deserved campaign ribbons are being worn by men who have not been overseas. We think that the ribbons should be worn only by those who deserve them and should only be issued by the War Department and not sold in stores."

As a matter of fact, the War Department has already announced that no civilian dealers, except authorized uniform retail dealers of the Army Exchange Service, will be allowed to sell Army insignia after Jan. 1, 1944, in order to strengthen regulations which prohibit the sale of insignia without positive identification of the purchaser as an authorized wearer. This is okay as far as metal insignia, chevrons and shoulder patches are concerned. There's no reason why a soldier shouldn't be allowed to buy extra crossed rifles, or an extra blue-and-gold Air Force patch for his flight jacket from an authorized Army Exchange dealer provided that he can produce the proper credentials. But the sale of foreign-service ribbons is something else again.

In the first place, how does an Army Exchange dealer know whether his customer is entitled to buy a foreign-service ribbon? Every soldier carries enough identification to prove that he is authorized to wear branch-of-service or divisional or regimental insignia but, as things are now, the dealer has to take his word for it when he says that he has served in the Asiatic or European theaters of operation. The only proof is on his service record and he doesn't carry that in his pocket when he goes shopping. Furthermore, we haven't heard of any regulations that force a soldier to get a letter from his CO when he wants to buy a ribbon.

A second and more important point is that a foreign-service ribbon is not a mere insignia. It is an award. An award should be presented to the man who earns it. It should not be sold over a counter.

So no matter how thin you slice it, the whole deal adds up to the same thing. In the few words of the five infantrymen from the South Pacific, overseas ribbons should only be issued by the authority of the War Department and should not be sold in stores.

"They cost me three bucks, but I figured they were worth it."

STRICTLY G.I.

7th Army Pay

PERSONNEL of the Seventh Army, while fighting in Sicily, kept only 14 per cent of their August pay for personal use, a WD release says. This amounted to about $1,900,000 out of a total pay roll of almost $14,000,000. Fifty-six per cent of the dough went into allotments and the rest into War Bonds, Soldiers' Deposits and Money Orders. The Seventh's 45th Infantry Division kept the smallest amount of its pay for immediate use, pocketing only 1 per cent, or roughly $16,000, out of a gross pay of about $1,500,000.

New Field Jacket

The GI shown here is wearing the new Army field jacket, which will soon be issued by the QMC. Known as "Jacket Field M-1943," the new garment has a nine-ounce cotton sateen "outer shell," with the reverse side out to increase its wearing qualities. A five-ounce cotton-poplin lining replaces the former wool lining. The new jacket has four large pockets, a cord that is drawn at the waist for added warmth, and flaps which cover the buttons to prevent their getting caught on brush or other objects in the field. Its design was partly suggested by men who have returned from the battle zones.

GI Shop Talk

An exhibit of 130 paintings by Allied soldiers in New Guinea is now touring Australia. Many of the works were done on old canvas cots, pieces of cardboard and similar pieces of salvaged material. Favorite is a pastel drawing of a Fuzzy Wuzzy stretcher bearer done by an Australian GI, Sapper Tom Morgan, since reported killed in action. . . . First Yugoslavian combat unit in the AAF was activated at Bolling Field, D. C., recently with the presentation of four Liberators to the unit's American-trained Yugoslav crews. . . . The WD has just issued a "Chinese Pocket Guide" as a supplement to the "Pocket Guide to China" issued some time ago. . . . Profits of $6,800 from PXs in Africa are being used to equip the Army's five permanent chapels there. . . . More than 110,000 of the 140,000 Axis prisoners of war held in the United States are being used to relieve manpower shortages in agriculture and other fields. . . . A couple of GI newssheets that rate special mention are *Who Dat?*, a single-page mimeo job published in Central Africa, and *The Bodian Bugle*, another mimeo, put out by Pfc. Nat Bodian on his South Atlantic island base and mailed to Newark (N. J.) GIs all over the world.

Light-Weight Gas Mask

A new light-weight gas mask for desert and jungle warfare has been developed by the Army's Chemical Warfare Service, the WD has announced. This is the latest in the list of special equipment developed by the CWS, which supplies special masks for troops in training, for GIs who wear glasses, for use with optical instruments and for other specific purposes.

Washington O.P.

ABSENTEE voting for soldiers in the 1944 elections were considered again by Congress, with Senators Green and Lucas introducing a new bill which would permit soldiers overseas to send in their ballots by light-weight air mail. This bill replaces their earlier plan to have GIs overseas send in ballots by V-Mail. Changes are expected to do away with reported War and Navy Department objections that V-Mail voting would swamp postal facilities and also did not provide for secret balloting. Otherwise, we hear, the War and Navy Departments are expected to back soldier absentee voting both at home and abroad, so long as it doesn't interfere with actual military operations. The bill also provides that the governor of each state must certify that his state has "substantially complied" with the bill's provisions when he certifies the election of presidential electors, as he is required to do under existing law. Hearings on the new bill start soon, and with a WD okay, it's a good bet that some sort of simplification of the present absentee-voting system will pass Congress in double time. . . . Lots of people don't know it, but any poll-tax payment for soldiers voting in Federal elections was wiped out by a law passed last year.

Disease and non-battle injuries kept about 3 percent of the Army off-duty in this country at any one time during this year. Abroad the percentage was even lower, even including battle injuries. The record was about the same for 1942, which was much better than for the year before-that. VD patients are runing at an all-time low of 25 per thousand men, not including uncomplicated cases that are inducted. Wacs have the outstanding record of less than one case in ten thousand, or less than half of one percent of an equal number of men. Malaria is the biggest disease threat overseas, with dysentery running second.

—YANK's Washington Bureau

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Comes the Revolution

Deming Army Air Field, N. Mex.—Sgt. Anthony W. Drown took a little trip across the border into Palomas, Mexico, on Sept. 16. He was greatly surprised to see the otherwise sleepy little town in the throes of a celebration.

He entered a cantina and was enjoying himself when he heard shots being fired out in the street, amid cries of *"Viva, Revolucion!"* Running to the door, he spotted a group of men on horseback, apparently shooting up the town.

Sgt. Drown dove under the nearest table. A few minutes later he emerged when it was explained to him that the *"Revolucion"* being celebrated was that of Sept. 16, 1810.

Goldbrick De Luxe

Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif.—A GI identified only as Frenchie proved to be quite a problem for 1st Sgt. George Kimmel, top kick of an artillery outfit here. Frenchie could be found only at reveille and chow calls during the day. At any other formations he was conspicuous by his absence. Thorough search failed to uncover his hiding place.

One day the battery was called out for recreation and started a softball game. A batter hit a long fly, the ball rolling under a hut. The outfielders rushed pell mell to retrieve it. Under the hut they found Frenchie.

He lay peacefully snoring in a foxhole which he had dug and in which he had installed his radio and electric lights.

FASHION NOTE. Economy dress for KP. Paul I. Fry F3/c and James K. Patrick S2/c show what mess attendants are wearing at the Great Lakes (Ill.) Naval Training Station. Fashion editors, please copy.

IN SHAPE. And he doesn't intend to weaken for a long time. Cpl. Jerry Biscaglia was a football player for Georgetown University and he's still keeping those muscles toned up at the Camp Davis (N. C.) gym.

CAMP NEWS

Dear Santa

Lincoln AAB, Nebr.—S/Sgt. R. C. Bolton believes in getting his Christmas requests in early. He recently compiled a list of holiday wants:

"One soft-spoken sergeant to wake me up. One nice, thick floor mat for that cold spot on the cement floor next to my bed. One shower and washbowl near my bed. One barber who never heard of a GI haircut. A thousand gallons of white paint to paint all officers' cars, so I'll know whom to salute.

"One taxicab to take me around the base and between the base and town. One soft detail, beginning at 10 A.M., ending at 2 P.M., with two hours off for chow. One mess hall, soldier's club, PX, etc., where I would not have to stand in line. One blond, one brunette, one redhead, or any woman. One 30-day pass each month. That's all I want this year."

EMERGENCY DISC

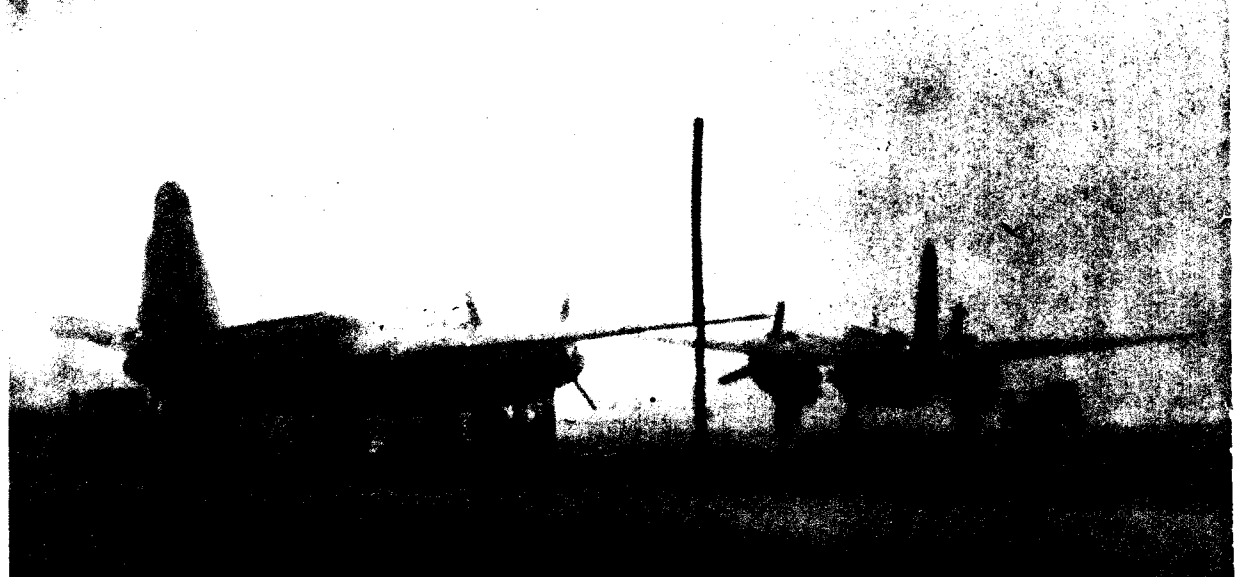
Fort MacArthur, Calif.—Pfc. Dave Matthews, substitute projectionist at the theater here, had to think fast when the reel broke during a recent film showing.

Faced with the annoying possibility of hoots, catcalls and ear-splitting whistling from his GI audience, he gave them something to laugh at. He played a phonograph record to fill in the time. It was "I Guess I'll Have to Dream the Rest."

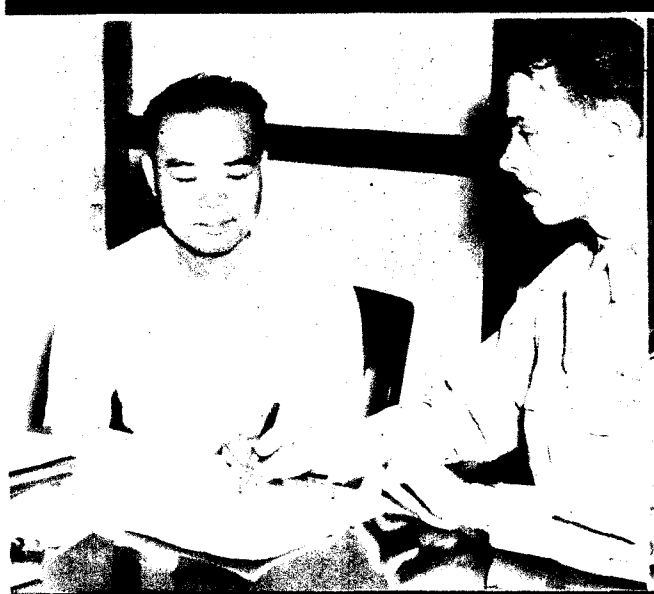
AROUND THE CAMPS

Garden City Army Air Field, Kans.—The 450th Base Hq. and AB Sq. was lined up for drill one Saturday morning. S/Sgt. Cappy Capilungo, leader of the 1st platoon, jokingly requested contributions for his furlough fund. He got them—a rain of pennies. He collected a total of 70 of them, plus several buttons and slugs.

Camp Stewart, Ga.—Cpl. Alexander De Stefano, of the 561st Bn. here, put in a long-distance call recently to his home. When his questions seemed to be answered hesitantly, and after he had dropped $3.65 in toll charges, he became suspicious. He checked to find that he had the De



SKY LIGHTING. When the sky cracked open to show up these planes at DeRidder Army Air Base, La., photographer Cpl. W. A. Johnson snapped a fine picture.



HELP TO CHINA. Cpl. Hong Yim Chin, of the Bainbridge (Ga.) Army Air Field, arranges to have an allotment sent overseas to his mother and son. He's had no word of his wife since Hong Kong's capture.

ELECTION RETURNS. Three new officers of the Presque Isle (Me.) Army Air Field noncoms' club. L. to r., M/Sgt. Francis McGowan, pres.; Cpl. George Pylant, sec-treas., and 1st Sgt. Don Fuller, vice-pres.

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IS FRIEND FLICKA. S/Sgt Lorenz Cnossen looks arassed and well he might since he's imitating a ountain. Goat is "Flicka," guest at QM stables, amp White, Oreg. She's slated for the cavalry.

OLDIER ARTIST. Pvt. Harry Bowman, of Newark, J., took advantage of his confinement for a leg njury in the Ft. McClellan (Ala.) Station Hospital y making a wood carving of the Last Supper.

SUPER PIN-UP. This picture is for your morale. The owner of those lovely limbs is Pfc. Kenneth Nusbaum, stationed at Fort Casey, Wash. Stripped to his full glamour he tips the scales at a scanty 280 pounds.

Stefano residence all right, and the number was 3926, and the girl to whom he'd been talking was named Mary, but—she was not his sister, the residence was not his, and the telephone number was Wilmington (N.C.) 3926. He wanted Wilmington (Del.) 3926.

Fort Lewis, Wash.—One morning recently S/Sgt. Bill Kendrick, of the 27th General Hospital, went to his desk to get some papers out of a drawer. He got them, but first he had to remove a cat and her seven new-born kittens.

Camp Edwards, Mass.—One telephone was shared by 1st Sgt. Clifford Strunk and the lieutenant who had the desk next to him in the office of Hq. Co., 1114th Service Command Service Unit. The services of Cpl. Joseph Pelczar and Pfc. Henry Conrad were enlisted and now passing the phone back and forth is simple. Using a roller skate, a spring and some discarded wood, the two GIs fashioned a balanced rack along which rides a carriage carrying the phone.

TRY THIS ONE FOR SIZE

Camp Crowder, Mo.—Pfc. William Rock, Co. E, 804th Signal Training Regiment, is making sure that the cigarette companies do not make too much profit off him because of wasted butts.

He cuts his smokes to fit the occasion: short lengths for 10-minute breaks at Central Signal School, longer ones to use before falling out for formations.

For chow line-ups, he uses a full cigarette.

Torney General Hospital, Calif.—A group of men were sitting around discussing patriotism recently. Someone asked Pvt. Clarence Walker if he were willing to die for his country. Said Pvt. Walker: "No, sir. I'll go out and fight like hell to protect it, but that dying just don't make sense to me."

Fort Bragg, N. C.—Pvt. James Philpot and Pvt. Joseph McCrary, of Btry. A, 5th Bn., 2d FARC, pitched and camouflaged their pup tent one night recently after a hard hike. Returning from chow, it took them three hours to find it.

Fort Riley, Kans.—T-5 Ivan K. Stevie, member of the Station Hospital's Medical Detachment, was out on bivouac with tactical troops of the CRTC. He took what the cavalry GIs told him seriously. Upon return to camp, Stevie went to the detachment office and asked for his Bivouac Check to cover rations while he was out.

North Camp Hood, Tex.—Pvt. John L. Crowder has almost too many "Bs" to suit him. In cadet days at a military school he served in Company B. Later with the Georgia National Guard he was in Company B. Presidential greetings landed him in Area B at Fort McPherson, Ga., from whence he was shipped here and assigned to—Company B, 141st AST Battalion, Tank Destroyer RTC

Fort Knox, Ky.—Officers and men of the 8th Tank Group Hq. Detachment found tears streaming from their eyes recently when a GI applied cleaning fluid to a piece of equipment in the maintenance shop. The fluid was tear gas.

Bryan Field, Tex.—Pvt. Lorrin A. Ellsworth was stopped recently and asked to explain a hoard of 21 billfolds containing $1,500, seven rings, 12 wrist watches, several pens and pencils and other valuables. He explained to suspicious MPs: He is team secretary and sports correspondent for the Bryan Field football squad and was just minding their possessions during a game against the Blackland AAF team.

GI READERS WRITE

Pfc. Charles J. Basch, Camp Carson, Colo., takes 1st Sgt. Huffhines ["Best looking 1st sergeant," YANK, Aug. 6] to task. Says Basch: "You might inform him that when no blouse is worn over a shirt, the tie is tucked between the 2d and 3d buttons. Tsk, tsk, Sergeant, you should know better than that." . . . **Sgt. Leonard M. Frydenlund,** 502d Group, 6th Sq., Kearns, Utah, sends in a clipping from a Madison (Wis.) paper showing Pvt. Joe Zachetti, 79th Mess Sq., Truax Field, Wis., chalking up a world's record of 3305 sit-ups. . . . **Chaplain Oscar Magarian,** 81st Chem. Bn., at Camp Pickett, Va., tells of an odd coincidence on the firing range. The Chaplain's carbine was numbered 1504309: his ASN is 0504309. . . . **Sgt. Lockwood Marshall,** with the PRO at Marfa AAF, Tex., sends in the name of Elmer A. Richardson, 18, whom he believes to be the youngest master sergeant in the Army. . . . A contributor from Fort Sheridan, Ill., reports a two-time Wac grandmother, Cpl. Wilma L. Marcusson, 37. . . . **Pvt. Wm. J. Kicklighter,** 54th TG, Keesler Field, Miss., likes the number 13, having been inducted on Friday the 13th with 13 other men. The barracks bag issued to him was numbered 13 and he was assigned to Barracks 13. . . . **Pvt. Joseph Cohen,** 812th Td Bn., Camp Gordon, Ga., adds his version of that popular song: "On my arms, on my arms, ain't I ever goin' to get a pfc on my arms?" . . . **Pfc. G. Abraham,** 3205th SCSU, Syracuse University, N. Y., is wrought up about regulations recently passed which prohibit coeds from talking to GIs from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M., Mondays through Fridays, except to say "hello" and "thank you"; and putting off-limits all women's living centers on campus during the same period. On Saturdays and Sundays, GIs may call, only if a date has been previously arranged.

Special note to Camp PROs and Special Service Offices: YANK wants interesting news items, pictures and features to pass around. Send them to the Continental Liaison Branch, Bureau of Public Relations, War Department, Pentagon, Washington, D. C., with a request that they be forwarded to YANK, The Army Weekly.

IT'S always tough to figure out what to give a pal for Christmas, and it's particularly tough when he's in the service. But YANK is a gift that any yardbird or four-star general will really appreciate. Don't scratch all the hair off your head trying to decide. Just fill out the coupon below and relax.

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WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

McClellan

Baston

Jones

Dearden

Andrews

Morales

Cpl. Max M. McClellan, a Californian in the USMC in the S. Pacific, gives a tip to A/C Lloyd Taylor, in the States: "If you come down here in the Pacific, bring plenty of cosmetics for trading purposes." McClellan's address is c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea*. . . . **Sgt. Robert Baston,** USA Btry. A, Fort Barrancas, Fla., sends his regards to Pfc. Raymond Lee and other friends in a Coast Artillery outfit in the S. W. Pacific. . . . **Cpl. James W. Jones** of Farmington, Mo., now in India, wants to know how his brother, Glenwood Jones, is getting along. "From the looks of things you've broken your arm. How about taking time off and writing me c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea*?" he asks.

From the Aleutians **S/Sgt. Ross Dearden** of Henefer, Utah, asks Marine Lt. Maurice Briggs in the S. Pacific: "Do you remember the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder?" Dearden and Briggs used to room in Mrs. Murphy's boarding house. . . . **Sgt. Ananias Paul Andrews Jr.** of the 364th Avn. Sq., Amarillo, Tex., tells Sgt. Jack Dekel in N. Africa: "I keep telling Miss Le Berta Walker of Chicago that *now* is the time for all good ladies to come to the aid of their country." . . . **Pvt. Jose P. Morales,** in New Guinea, tells his Puerto Rican friends: "I've learned to climb a coconut tree like a native. Write me c/o the folks at No. 2, Catro Vinas, Santurce, Puerto Rico."

Mail Call

Good Conduct Medal

Dear YANK:

As I've been in the Army over four years I think I have the right to add my two cents to the subject of the Good Conduct Medal. Giving the award to one-year men is a bunch of hooey. I received my ribbon when the three white stripes on each end stood for three years of good conduct. It would make better sense if the new men had only one stripe on each end of their ribbons.

Hunter Field, Ga. —**S/Sgt. WAYNE A. WHITE**

Sweet Tune From a Zero

Dear YANK:

This is a guitar I made in New Guinea. The top is made of American boxwood and the sides and bottom are made of Australian plywood. The tail piece is made from a Jap Zero. The first string is made from airplane-control cable and the second string is a piece of steel telephone wire. The rest are strings I picked up on furlough.

New Guinea —**T-5 LA VERNE MALOTT**

Christmas KPs

Dear YANK:

Christmas is not far off and I know that every Christian soldier is hoping that he may get the day off so he can enjoy a real Christmas holiday. I for one think it's possible. Last year when I was in the States I organized my Jewish buddies in my company at Camp Atterbury, Ind., to take over KP and guard duty on Christmas Day. This year I think it can be done on a larger scale and I'm writing in the hope that through YANK my buddies of Jewish faith will start to get volunteers now for Christmas Day to relieve Christian soldiers wherever possible.

New Caledonia —**Cpl. RUBIN SHULMAN**

America's Leading Sport

Dear YANK:

For the last two days our squadron has been arguing on what is the leading organized sport in the United States, based on the number of persons participating and the number attending in one year. Because we are in the jungle and unable to obtain any official information, we decided to appoint YANK as judge.

Panama —**Lt. R. M. MITCHELL**

■ Basketball gets largest attendance and has greatest number of teams. This is based on peacetime standards.

Professional Jealousy

Dear YANK:

As members of this great Army of selectees we would like to know just what those seven staff sergeants and that corporal meant when they said your sports editor must be a selectee. About two thirds of the men on this island are selectees and they're doing a pretty good job. We had some of those Panama soldiers here on this island and they couldn't take the climate.

—*(Selectees)* **Pvt. Woodrow Larimore, Pvt. I. E. Edmiston, Cpl. Gene Chanix, Cpl. Kenneth W. Prewt, Sgt. William E. Plunkett, Cpl. Loman E. Hopkins, Cpl. Arnold Kleffner and S/Sgt. Stanley F. Kelton.**

New Guinea

Dear YANK:

We don't like your sports editor Dan Polier's remark that he would like to see a drill sergeant who hadn't served a hitch in Panama. We figured he must be a selectee by the way he made that remark. If he were half the soldier those boys in Panama were, he'd be a credit to his outfit. This letter is to let you know that we wouldn't have anything to do with him because we associate with soldiers only.

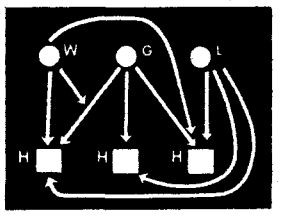
—(Signed by) S/Sgts. C. P.; E. O. S.; J. F.; E. S.; E. E. H.; M. D. M.; K. C. G., and Cpl. Jutt.

Camp Claiborne, La.

Cope's Contest

Dear YANK:

As the whole barracks is going nuts trying to solve this puzzle, I will gladly send $5 to anyone who can send the right answer. I'm stuck at this point. One house has got no water. It's okay to redraw the lines.



Iceland —**Pvt. W. COPE**

■ If anyone can figure this out write to Cope and collect five bucks. Einstein would like to hear, too. Address your letter: Pvt. Woodrow Cope, c/o YANK, 205 E. 42d St., New York, N. Y.

Phantom J Company

Dear YANK:

I'd like to put you straight on why there is no J Company in the Army. So far no letter printed in *Mail Call* on this subject has given the correct answer. . . . The organization of the American Army is based on the Roman Legions. There is no letter J in the Roman alphabet and therefore there is no J company in the U. S. Army.

Camp Adair, Oreg. —**Pfc. DANIEL O'NEILL**

Dear YANK:

If you ask me, there is no J company because J is the symbol for a retreat on a military map. It shows the original and the new direction of the forces.

AAB, Richmond, Va. —**Cpl. ROBERT E. BERTRAM**

Dear YANK:

The companies of a battalion are lettered so that none will sound like any other when spoken. The letter J may be confused with K. Therefore the letter J is omitted from the company lettering system. I refer you to the Basic Infantry Manual of the Reserve Officer's Training Corps.

Santa Ana AAB, Calif. —**A/C JOHN W. COLLENS**

Old Home Week in Fiji

Dear YANK:

All the boys who live in my barracks are represented on this signpost by their respective cities. When a guy from another outfit who happens to live in one of these towns passes by, he drops in to see who the soldier is who comes from his home town. When you're so many thousand miles from home, it's quite a swell feeling to meet a buddy from your city. Among the towns are: Whiteriver, Ariz.; Long Island, N. Y.; Manhattan, N. Y.; Troy, N. Y.; Saratoga, N. Y.; Boise, Idaho; Waco, Tex. Standing left to right: Sgt. Wiltsey, Lt. Gerden, Sgt. Fred B. Kravetz. Kneeling left to right: Sgt. D'Agostino, Sgt. Polniaszek, Cpl. Barrile and Sgt. Maxin.

Fiji Islands —**Sgt. FRED B. KRAVETZ**

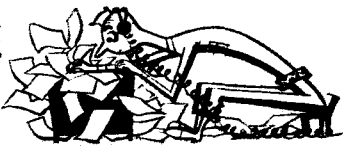
No War Songs in America

Dear YANK:

Why are there no war songs in America? The way I see it, the trouble is due to commercial song writers who have no feeling nor understanding why people are fighting fascism. They doctor up sweet, sugary stuff to try to take our minds off reality when at this crucial time we need a stimulant like music to give us guts. I think musicians have missed the boat. The current war songs are an insult to America's dignity. Perhaps it reflects healthy nostalgia to sing "Johnny Doughboy Found a Rose in Ireland." I feel it would be better if we had a song called "Johnny Doughboy Found a Second Front in Europe."

Australia —**Cpl. GEORGE KAUFFMAN**

MESSAGE CENTER



Men asking for letters in this column are all overseas. Write them c/o Message Center, YANK, 205 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll forward your letters. The censor won't let us print the complete addresses.

A. 2d Lt. CHARLES ALLEN of Baltimore, Md., once at ACTD, Douglas, Ga.: write Lt. James W. Craig Jr. . . . THOMAS R. ALLEN of Fairview, Mont., believed to be in the USMC: write Pvt. F. S. Allen. . . . ROSLYN ARMACOST, Hawaii, 1941: write S/Sgt. Paul Van Kavelaar. . . . Cpl. CHARLES V. ASAY, last address, APO 37, Los Angeles, Calif.: write Pvt. Theodore S. Eberle. . . . JAY ASHBROOK, 32d Div.: see *Message 1.**

B. DOMINIC ANTHONY BARKASKAUS of Hyde Park, Scranton, Pa.: see *Message 2.*** . . . Cpl. JAMES BELMONTE, last heard from in North Carolina: see *Message 3.*† . . . JOE BONOMINI, N. Africa: write Pfc. Ed Corsetti. . . . Sgt. HENRY BORETZ of Burleson, Tex., once at Lubbock Field, Tex.: write Pfc. August Clos. . . . MIKE BOWEN of Elizabeth, N. J., in the 516th Sig. AW Co.: write Pfc. Henry G. Turnquist. . . . S/Sgt. RICHARD K. BRAHAM, once at Camp Edwards, Mass., see *Message 4.*††

C. SAM CALIVA, 32d Div.: see *Message 1.** . . . MESIL CHAVEZ, last heard from in California: write Pvt. Arthur Chavez. . . . FRANCIS E. CONROY, Hawaii in 1941: write S/Sgt. Paul F. Van Kavelaar. . . . Cpl. EDWARD F. CORBETT of Boston, Mass.: see *Message 5.*‡ . . . MATT CORONA, 32d Div.: see *Message 1.** . . . JACK COX: write T/Sgt. Aubrey W. Fielding.

D. Cpl. ERNIE D'AMBROSIO, once at APO 944: see *Message 4.*†† . . . Cpl. AL DE LONG, last heard from at Fort Meade, Md.: write Pvt. Frank Delgadillo. . . . GEORGE M. DONSMORE: see *Message 6.*‡‡ . . . Sgt. JOSEPH DOROBIALA of Buffalo, N. Y.: write S/Sgt. George Anderson. . . . Cpl. JERRY DOYLE, once in Sq. 3, Kearns, Utah: write Pvt. Joseph Tremallo. . . . Pvt. WILLIAM DYSART, last heard from in Florida: write Pfc. Robert L. Menn.

G. Cpl. ROCCO GERMAN, APO 700, N. Y.: write Cpl. Priore and Pfc. Mangone. . . . CHUCK GILBERT, at Keesler Field, Miss., from December 1941 to January 1942: write S/Sgt. Jesse D. Wheaton. . . . JOSEPH J. GRAYESKI RM1c, last heard from one year ago in Philadelphia, Pa.: see *Message 2.*** . . . LOUIS J. GRIANDA, once at Lowry Field, Colo.: write Pfc. Richard A. Pletl.

H. GEORGE HALL of Youngstown, Ohio, now in S. Pacific: write Cpl. Joe Filimon. . . . EARL HARLEY, who took his basic at Camp Barkeley, Tex., and then went to OCS: write Pfc. Phil Waldman. . . . J. T. HEARDY of Nashville, Tenn.: write Cpl. Charles M. Smith. . . . Lt. PAUL HEITMEYER, AAF.: see *Message 3.*†

J. Pvt. PETE T. JENSEN, once at Fort Custer, Mich.: write Pvt. Charles R. Koontz. . . . Pvt. JAMES T. JONES of Charlotte, N. C.: see *Message 5.*‡ . . . JAKE JUNGELS, once at Scott Field, Ill.: write S/Sgt. T. E. Fite.

K. Pvt. JOHN KETCHUM of St. Louis, Mo.: write Sgt. Frank J. Folley. . . . S/Sgt. A. L. KING, a liaison pilot at Waco, Tex.: write S/Sgt. Louis J. Arico. . . . JOHN A. KLINE, once at Camp Croft, S. C.: see *Message 2.*** . . . Lt. ERNEST C. KUIZ of Santa Barbara, Calif., co-pilot of *My Lovin' Dove*: write Pvt. Charles P. Gonzales.

L. Pfc. JOSEPH LEONE, Australia: write Pvt. John A. Maczka. . . . S/Sgt. EDWARD E. LESLEY, once in the QM Det., Fort Hayes, Ohio: write Sgt. Russell I. Huss. . . . WILLIAM and HAROLD LOMINAC, at Keesler Field, Miss., from December 1941 to January 1942: write S/Sgt. Jesse D. Wheaton. . . . Pvt. JOHN LONGERON of Jersey City, N. J.: write Cpl. Joseph Lonido. . . . MARK LEROY LOWTHIAN, who lived at Third and Orange Sts., Coronado, Calif.: write Herbert George Bartlett SK3c. . . . Cpl. FELIX LOZANO, last heard from in Utah: write M. C. Zazuetta S1c

M. Cpl. TOM MCDONALD of Syracuse, N. Y., last heard from in Newfoundland: write Pvt. James M. Tone. . . . Sgt. DICK MCGEE, Medical Corps: write Cpl. Charles M. Smith. . . . JACK MCNULTY, once in the 32d Div.: see *Message 1.** . . . A/C JOHN MESNICK, once at an Army Flight Tng. Sch., Greenville, Mo.: write A. Yackovetsky CY. . . . Sgt. JOHN MEYER, 31st Div.: write Pvt. J. L. Meyer. . . . 2d Lt. WILLIAM MILLER of Akron, Ohio, last heard from in Texas: write Pfc. Jack Manthe. . . . Pvt. DANIEL MOSELY of Skiatook, Okla.: write Pvt. William H. Glover. . . . CHARLES and WALTER MUNTZ: see *Message 6.*‡‡

P. Sgt. LESTER E. PERKINS of Nacogdoches, Tex., once at Fort Sam Houston, Tex.: write M/Sgt. Charles F. McCuiston. . . . Pvt. ALLEN POE of Harrisonburg, Va., once at Camp Lee, Va.: write Pvt. Carl E. Harmon. . . . MORRIS POLLOCK of Ellenville, N. Y., now in Africa: write Cpl. Harold Schildkraut. . . . Pvt. JOE B. PRATHER, once in the Sta. Hosp., Chanute Field, Ill.: write Pfc. Leo. A. Thralls.

R. THEODORE RATHMAN, once at Ashbrook Field, Panama: write T/Sgt. William J. Lowry. . . . GERALD RENFRO of Trenton, Mo., last heard from in Texas: write Pfc. Charley Dulin. . . . STANLEY ROBBINS, Navy, and CHARLES J. ROWE, Army: write Pfc. Raymond A. Del Vecchio.

**Message 1:* Write Lt. Verne R. Peck.
***Message 2:* Write Pvt. Donald S. Trumbore.
†Message 3: Write Cpl. Irving Herman.
††Message 4: Write Pvt. Sy Feingold.
‡Message 5: Write Pvt. Joseph H. Chambers
‡‡Message 6: Write Cpl. Charles W. Boner.

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A few 1943 versions of famous statues with comments that archeologists might make if they were dug up a thousand years from now.

GI MUSEUM of FINE ARTS

Evidently an army air force leader because U. soldiers called him "chairborne company clerk."

Experts feel this imitation of Laocoon and the snakes has something to do with an old 20th Century fad called the "Signal Corps."

No modern archeologist understands the meaning of this heroic-looking army figure of the ancient World War II.

Frieze excavated from under an ancient orderly room.

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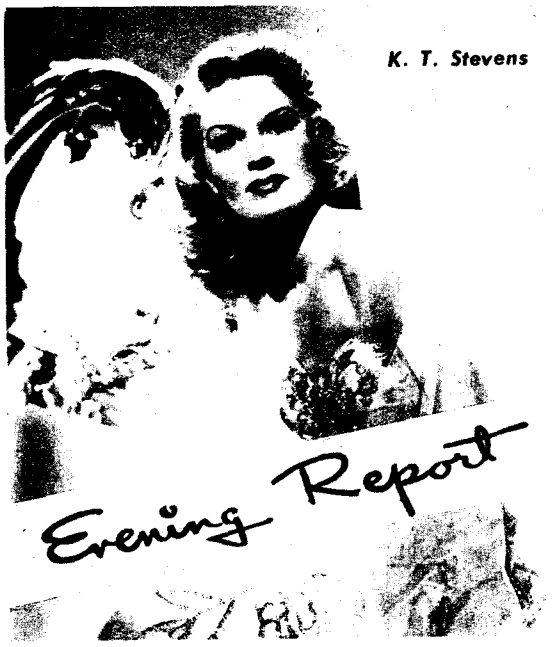


K. T. Stevens

HOLLYWOOD. K. T. Stevens, daughter of Producer Sam Wood, drew one of the plum roles of the year with her assignment as the feminine lead in "Address Unknown." . . . Helen Walker, leading lady for Alan Ladd in "Lucky Jordan," has the lead opposite Nils Asther in "The Man in Half Moon Street." . . . Jane Farrar, cinema newcomer, has been given the second lead in the new Ginger Rogers picture, "Tender Comrade." . . . Linda Darnell plays the Indian maiden who loses Joel McCrea to Maureen O'Hara in "Buffalo Bill." . . . Osa Massen has been signed for an important role in "Jack London." . . . The steamer *Cabrillo,* which had a flaming youth as a Hollywood party ship during the '20s, is now passing a respectable old age as an Army transport in San Francisco Bay. . . . A record bid of $600,000 has been made for the screen rights to "Life With Father" by Producing Artists, Inc., new film company. . . . Virginia Wicks, one of the Goldwyn Girls in "Up in Arms," has written lyrics for two songs which Freddy Martin has agreed to publish.

COAST TO COAST. Katherine Dunham, whose dance show is a Broadway hit, has a Ph.D. in anthropology from the University of Chicago. . . . Lillian Gish is expected to return to the stage in the forthcoming "Maggotts in the Cheese," which is scheduled for winter production. . . . Jeanette MacDonald has been booked for a coast-to-coast concert tour, which will open in Portland, Oreg., and take the singing star to 19 other cities. . . . Sally Rand has forsaken ranching with her cowboy husband to return to the Folies Bergere, N. Y. nitery. . . . The Victory theater in Bayonne, N. J., is cutting out films and going on a two-a-day vaudeville basis. . . . The New Holyoke (Mass.) theater has re-opened for Sunday shows. . . . Constance Bennett has joined the touring company of "Without Love." . . . The Playhouse, Pittsburgh, opened its season with "Jason." . . . W75NY, an FM radio station in New York City, is operated by an all-girl staff.

BAND BEAT. Replying to a request from Pvt. Frank Constantine Jr., in Sicily, we see that *Billboard* lists, for the week ended Sept. 30: Top three songs plugged on the air, "All or Nothing at All," "Besame Mucho" and "Do You Know"; top three best-selling records, "Sunday, Monday or Always" (Bing Crosby), "Paper Doll" (Mills Bros.) and "Pistol Packin' Mama" (Al Dexter); top three sheet-music best-sellers, "Sunday, Monday or Always," "Paper Doll" and "People Will Say We're in Love."

STRANGE CHANGE

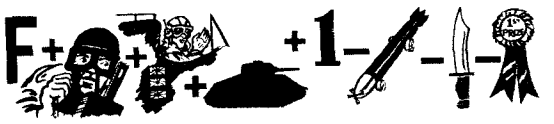
JOE TIPPLER got to town with a $10 bill and a terrific thirst. He started out to get rid of both, and here was his itinerary:

At Tom's bar	spent $3,	got $7 change.
At Dick's bar	spent $4,	got $3 change.
At Harry's bar	spent $2,	got $1 change.
At Larry's bar	spent $1,	got $0 change.
Totals:	$10	$11

"Another day, another dollar," said Joe, looking at the figures. For altogether he had spent $10, yet he had got $11 in change. How do you account for that extra buck? You can't? Well, take a look on page 22.

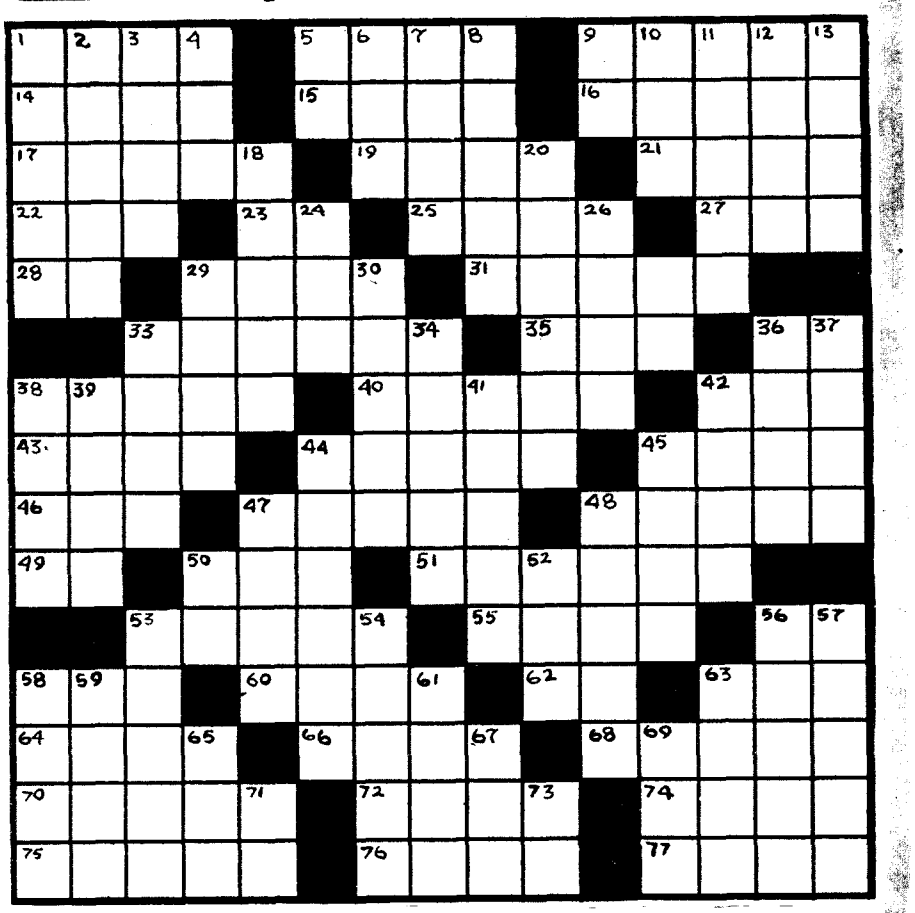
IF you like 'em slim and long-legged and beautiful, Dusty Anderson is for you; and if you don't like 'em slim, long-legged and beautiful, Dusty should be enough to change your mind. Anyway, she's adding a lot of charm to the new Columbia production, "Cover Girl."

DOUBLE PUZZLE



Solve the Picture Puzzle by adding or subtracting the pictured objects as indicated. The result will be the name of a British island in the Mediterranean. Fill this into the Crossword Puzzle, 17 across. Then solve the rest of it.

(Solution on page 22)



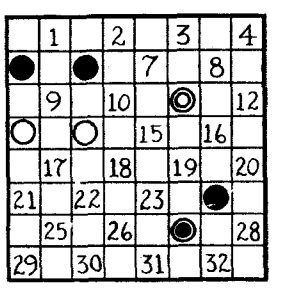
ACROSS
1. Rodents
5. Diplomacy on a small scale
9. Coffee houses
14. Hodgepodge
15. Persian poet
16. Odd, ludicrous
17. (Solve the Picture Puzzle)
19. Booby bait
21. Responded to reveille
22. Half eclair
23. Rear Admiral (abbr.)
25. Money drawer
27. Moisture condensed on cool surface
28. All right
29. In the midst of
31. Dens
33. Positive terminals
35. Fish snare
36. Shortened height
38. Personal bravery
40. Steps
42. Deface
43. City in North Africa
44. Sounds
45. Price of transportation
46. Indian Medical Service (abbr.)
47. Paired
48. Fine and ——
49. Doctor of Science (abbr.)
50. Skillet
51. Cure
53. Armored war machines
55. Beat the tag to the bag
56. Exclamation
58. Past
60. Long fish
62. Protestant Episcopal (abbr.)
63. Brother to beer
64. Traditional knowledge
66. Virginia dance
68. Firearm
70. Fastens hastily
72. Away down
74. Old-time calaboose
75. Different
76. Fine for skiing
77. Branches of learning

DOWN
1. Juliet's b.f.
2. Woe is me
3. Until
4. Rum hound
5. Towards
6. Amount (abbr.)
7. Small wagon
8. To shadow
9. Civilian Defense (abbr.)
10. Carry in the middle
11. Chow, slum, grub, eats
12. Otherwise
13. Killed
18. Military protection
20. Aircraft
24. Help
26. Fibs
29. Soon
30. Ammunition dump
32. Right (abbr.)
33. More of 2 Down
34. Sounder
36. Unyielding
37. Three spot
38. Emptiness
39. Furnishes with weapons
41. Surrenders
42. Numerous
44. Cargo boat
45. Cover a bet (African dominoes)
47. Long hair on animal's neck
48. Put off induction
50. Male parent
52. Chart
53. British for flashlight
54. Snow vehicles
56. Apportion
57. Guys you'd like to run down
58. Medium high voice
59. What goes around a-buttin'
61. Perceived
63. From a distance
65. Piece out
67. Sign of Zodiac
69. Middle of cigar
71. Senior (abbr.)
73. Prisoner of war (abbr.)

". . . And this is for appearing in This Is The Army for three consecutive months."

—Sgt. Vincent Geary, La Junta, Colo.

CHECKER STRATEGY



CAN White move and draw in this position? Try it and see. Remember that White is a checker behind, and there seems to be no safe opportunity for stealing the Black piece on square 6.

The drawing idea is a very useful one; it comes up occasionally in actual play. Before checking up with the answer on page 22, number the playing squares of your checkerboard from 1 to 32 as shown.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS If you are a YANK subscriber, and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

FULL NAME AND RANK ORDER NO.

NEW MILITARY ADDRESS

OLD MILITARY ADDRESS

Allow 21 days for change of address to become effective

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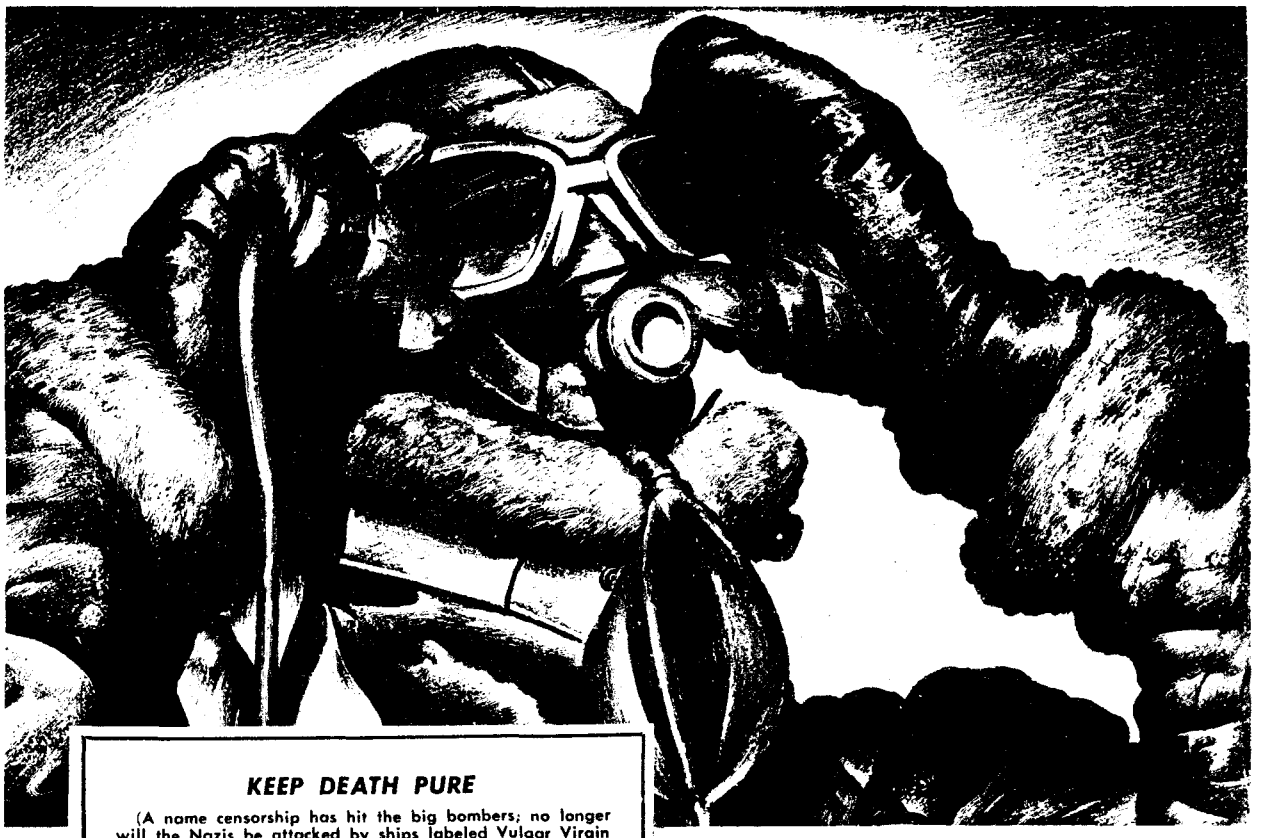


—Pvt. Ray Besser, Camp Hulen, Tex.

KEEP DEATH PURE

(A name censorship has hit the big bombers; no longer will the Nazis be attacked by ships labeled Vulgar Virgin and even less printable titles.—*News item.*)

Yes, ground the *Vulgar Virgin*
And clip *Lord Cesspool's* wings,
For death's a holy terror,
And bombs are moral things.
More sober names, they tell us,
That will not raise a brow,
Must grace our fighting aircraft
And deck the bomber's prow.

No more will death and fury
Be carried without stint
By bombers lewdly labeled
With names unfit to print.
It's not the heavy bomb-load
And not the mighty wing
That counts, officials tell us—
The monicker's the thing!

Camp Shelby, Miss. —S/Sgt. GRANT A. SANDERS

Furlough Greetings

"My, how nice you look in your uniform. Stand over here in the light so I can see you better."

"So *you're* what's defending me!"

"You've certainly filled out since you got in the Army. You must get awfully good food."

"You may as well stay home nights while you're here. All the girls are either married or gone off to work in defense plants."

"How come you've been in nine months and only one stripe?"

"Gee, I wish I was in your shoes. They wouldn't take me on account of my eyes."

"You can be a lot of help to me while you're here. The cook just quit."

"I don't see why you don't write more often, with all the free time you boys have."

"You young fellows are lucky. If I wasn't an old man with a family, I'd volunteer in a minute."

"I don't see why you want to go out with that girl tonight. After all, we haven't seen you in six months."

"Why don't you and your wife spend your first night home with us? We can put you up in the living room on the day bed."

"I saw your old girl friend out dancing the other night. She was with a lieutenant."

"Why don't you wire your captain for an extension?"

"The Army will be a good thing for you. It'll teach you to obey orders."

"The trouble with this Army is, they're making it too easy on you men. Why, back in '17—"

"Would you like to ride out and take a look at the new Army camp?"

"There's a dance at the USO tonight. Why don't you and Sally go?"

"Did they issue you oars with those shoes?"

"How do you-all like it living down South?"

"Remember that fellow who was trying to cut you out with Mary Lou? He's got a job at the airplane factory."

"Aw, I'll bet one of those Southern belles has got you under her thumb."

"Charlie, dear, can I have your regimental insignia? I'm making a collection from all the boys I know in the Army."

"Gee, I think those fatigue hats are cute."

Hawaii —T-5 JAMES P. CHARLES

How To Talk in the Army

Many a soldier has compiled a blameless service record without ever saying anything more than "Yes, sir," "Who, me?" "Pass the meat" and "Where's my leggin's at?" But in today's Army it's the man who can express himself who wins the stripes, so I have prepared this lecture on Army diction, or what to say in the Army.

As long as you remain a private this is a fairly simple matter. If an officer asks you why your shoes are dirty, drop whatever you are doing and leap to your feet, look him squarely in the eye and say: "Sir, my orders are divided into two classes, general and special. My general orders are: one—to take charge of this post and all government property in view." He will stop you there, because he doesn't know the other 10 either, and you can go back to pinning up that picture of Sylvia Glassberg taken at Coney Island, the one where the strap came loose.

Generally speaking, the above procedure can safely be applied to all cases in which an officer speaks to you. If you want to speak to an officer—don't.

Now your troubles are over until you become a noncom, at which point they break out in a rash. A noncom has a lot to say and invariably does. Here is what you do as soon as you are given that second stripe. Stay in your tent that evening and practice the letter "h." This is a key letter in the Army, and can make or break a man. When you've got to the point where you can explode that "h" at 50 paces you can go to bed full of confidence. The next morning you are ready to take charge of a squad. Since the company area has to be policed first, you line up your men and say to them clearly, "Pick up everything that don't grow!" This will stamp your personality on the men and demonstrate your complete mastery of the military situation.

Now you arrange them in columns of twos, and you're all ready to give commands. "Heft hace!" "Hight hace!" "Holumn hight!" "Horward hotch!"

Let your commands hiss out bright and clear. Once in a while, for a subtle effect, you may slip in a "y," as "heft yace" or "yolumn heft." This clever hange of hace—beg pardon, change of pace—will keep them on their toes.

"Do we have to share our presses with House Beautiful?"

—Cpl. Joseph Kaiser, Camp Shelby, Miss.

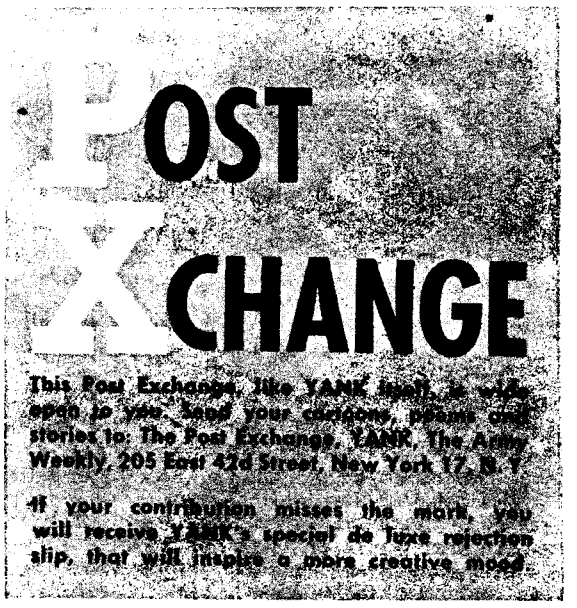
LADY OF THE SERPENT'S TONGUE

There is a lash he can't escape,
  There is a goad that will not slack.
There is a vengeful female shape
  Busily blistering his back.
  For sting her sharp strokes cannot lack
While blood is warm and hearts are young
  And potent words a wallop pack—
His lady of the serpent's tongue!

Whenever he thinks to break and scat
  And hide for safety in the attic,
Or if he sneaks his hat and coat
  To stage an exit diplomatic,
  The echoes of that voice despotic
On every vagrant breeze are rung,
  In accents frigidly hypnotic—
His lady of the serpent's tongue.

Sir, may your skin remain,
  Your breath never wheeze
  A pain-wracked whistle—
His lady of the serpent's tongue!
  He reached for a rose, but
  He plucked a thistle.

AAB, Ephrata, Wash. —Sgt. WILLIAM R. CARTY



With the "h" and "y" fully mastered, the ambitious young noncom will have no trouble with his commands. That evening at retreat will come an important test. The first sergeant will say "Report." When your turn comes you must never, under any circumstances, reply, "First squad all present or accounted for." The enemy might be on you before you could get all those words out. Say instead, in a strong, ringing voice. "Firskwadallprezakownafaw." The company commander will see that he has a comer in a man with your command of the language.

However, let me caution you not to carry over the "h" and "y" principle to your evening hours. It's all right to be ambitious, but at sundown a man is best off relaxing. There is the sad case of a young corporal who couldn't forget his work. He was killing a couple of bucks in town one night, and his girl was on his knee. Her name was Mary. "Histen, Hairy," he said to her, and that was as far as he got. The next night she was sitting on his first lieutenant's knee. Perhaps the safest thing for noncoms is to have girls named Harriet or Henrietta.

In closing, I'd like to inform the Wacs in the audience that the rules I have given for privates can be applied to them, with the obvious variations. However, if any one of you fine young ladies has difficulty in speaking, I'll be glad to see you alone after class.

Fort Custer, Mich. —Pvt. MARTIN WELDON

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CHECKER STRATEGY. White king moves 11 to 15. Black king moves 27 to 23. (Any other move would allow White to draw by 14 to 10.)

Now if White moves 14 to 10, then Black wins by 23 to 19. But instead White draws by pitching Black into a "double pair o' pants," like this:

White throws 14 to 9
Black jumps 5 to 14. . . .
White moves 15 to 18, and the draw is cinched.

STRANGE CHANGE. What extra dollar? There's no reason why the total change must equal the total money spent.

DOUBLE PUZZLE. F plus BOMBARDIER plus PILOT plus TANK plus ONE minus TORPEDO minus KNIFE minus RIBBON equals MALTA.

R	A	T	S		T	A	C	T		C	A	F	E	S
O	L	I	O		D	M	A	R		D	R	O	L	L
M	A	L	T	A		T	R	A	P		R	O	S	E
E	C	L		R	A		T	I	L	L		D	E	W
O	K		A	M	I	D		L	A	I	R	S		
		A	N	O	D	E	S		W	E	T		H	T
V	A	L	O	R		P	A	C	E	S		M	A	R
O	R	A	W		T	O	N	E	S		F	A	R	E
J	M	S		M	A	T	E	D		D	A	N	D	Y
D	S		R	A	N		R	E	M	E	D	Y		
		T	A	N	K	S		S	A	F	E		A	W
A	G	O		E	E	L	S		P	E		A	L	E
L	O	R	E		R	E	E	L		R	I	F	L	E
T	A	C	K	S		D	E	E	P		G	A	O	L
O	T	H	E	R		S	N	O	W		A	R	T	S

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SPORTS: "THE YANKEES" WIN IN NORTH AFRICA, TOO

By Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN

ALGIERS, NORTH AFRICA [By Cable]—There were no hot dogs and there wasn't any soda pop and it was 4,500 miles to the Yankee Stadium, but for GIs out here it was almost as important as anything happening back in New York and St. Louis.

This was the first North African World Series, a best two-out-of-three-game championship between the Casablanca Yankees, an aggregation of Medics, and the Algiers Streetwalkers, fugitives from the MPs. Almost 3,000 persons crowded the Eugene Stadium here to watch the games—soldiers, sailors, brass hats, Wacs, nurses and assorted young and pretty French girls.

The Casablanca Yankees, like their successful New York namesakes, won this World Series, too. Only they won it in straight games, 9 to 0 and 7 to 6. T-5 Hunkie Wojtczak of Buffalo, N. Y., a medic in the psychiatric section of the base hospital, stopped the Streetwalkers cold in the first game with a masterful one-hit performance. The second game might have been a four-hit shut-out for T-4 Dan Flag of Canesota, N. Y., if his infield had been more nimble. They suffered a bad case of fielding jitters and allowed the Algiers Streetwalkers to score five unearned runs in one big inning.

Together Wojtczak and Flag struck out 29 Streetwalkers. Wojtczak cut down 11 and Flag's fast ball accounted for 18 more.

The leading slugger of the series was Lt. Walt Singer, manager and first baseman for Casablanca and the sole officer in the game. He collected five hits, including the only home run in the series. Singer was a former All-American football player at Syracuse and later a professional star with the New York football Giants.

The GI World Series was definitely big time, with a radio hookup broadcasting a play-by-play description of the game to all soldiers in the Mediterranean theater. There were movie cameramen all over the place, a press box, and even a bar beneath the bleachers, selling brandy and *vino*.

The crowd was quiet, more like the customers in Philadelphia's Shibe Park than in Brooklyn's Ebbets Field. Every once in a while somebody would get up and scream in a healthy hysterical way, but most of the time they just sat there and watched politely. The most reserved section, of course, was the one occupied by the stars, the chickens, the leaves and the rest of the brass. The commissions watched the game as if it was a retreat formation, but occasionally some brash second looey would forget himself and get up and yell, "Make a hitter out of him! Throw 'em, boy!" Then he'd suddenly remember who he was and sit down in a hurry.

Pvt. Ernest J. Valentine, a British soldier from Kent, England, explained why he was so quiet. "I know some of your Yankee baseball expressions," he said, "but I don't like to get up and yell because I don't want to be rude to the wrong team."

There was one cute little French girl who didn't want to be rude to anybody. Her escort, Cpl. Julian Farber of Funiak Springs, Fla., was having a tough time explaining the game to her. "The red numbers are on our side and the blue numbers are on the other side," he kept saying in desperation each time one of the teams went up to bat. "Three guys have to hit the ball and three guys have to catch the ball before they change places." The little French girl just kept looking up at Farber with an unhappy, uncomprehending look in her eyes.

Pfc. Murray Carroll of Banks, Ala., also was getting blue in the face. A former high-school athletic coach, Carroll managed the losing Algiers team and spent most of his time yanking out players and putting in substitutes. He did that every time the Yankees scored a run. Carroll was a completely fearless man. "When I yank out players, I don't care whether they're sergeants or privates. Stripes don't scare me," he said, as he glanced nervously over his left shoulder.

The Algiers Streetwalkers sit dejectedly on bench as the Casablanca Yankees hand them a 9-0 licking.

Little Arab is yelling "Hey, Joe, Program?"

You should have seen how fast that mob of autograph hounds at the World Series walked away from **Stan Musial**, the Cards' star slugger, when they recognized **Pvt. Terry Moore** walking a few paces ahead of Musial. Moore, who is stationed in Panama, saved up all of his furlough time to be with his Cardinal teammates during the series. . . . **Cpl. Red Ruffing** wired the Yankees before the first game: "Wish I could pitch opener. Go ahead and get them." . . . **Pvt. Mel Allen**, who was supposed to announce the series with Red Barber, had to tune in on the games just like everybody else at Camp Croft, S. C. . . . **Maj. Gregory Boyington**, commander of a Marine fighter squadron in the Pacific, made this offer to the World Series teams: His squadron was willing to shoot down a Japanese Zero in trade for each baseball cap on the winning team. The squadron already had 13 planes to put up as collateral in the deal. . . . **Manager Billy Southworth's** kid, Bill Jr., is now a major in England. . . . The day after the Cardinals lost the series **Alpha Brazle**, the slim southpaw, who lost the third game, and centerfielder **Harry Walker** reported for induction at Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

During the recent Guadalcanal Golden Gloves Boxing Championship **Pfcs. William** and **Robert Karvelas**, twin brothers from New York City, entered the middleweight division and after each knocked over two opponents, they found themselves facing each other. "We have had enough family fights," they agreed, so the tournament officials awarded each a medal and told them to save their punches for the Japs. The medals, by the way, were made of metal from a Jap Zero. . . . **Patty Berg**, the golfing redhead, is sweating out her costume jewelry at the Marine OCS at Camp Lejeune, N. C. . . . **Lt. Archie Williams**, California's 440 ace and member of the 1936 Olympic track team, is now serving as weather officer at the Tuskegee (Ala.) Air Field.

Sgt. **Max Baer** says he's willing to make a come-back if he can fight just one man—a soldier in the German army. "There would be no referee, no seconds or managers and no lights," Baer explains. "Just me and **Max Schmeling!**" . . . **Kirby Higbe**, the Dodger pitcher, turned down a commission in the Merchant Marine to join the Army as a private at Fort Jackson, S. C. . . . Leader of the American parachute attack on the Japanese at Lae was **Capt. Charles Galbreath**, who played an All-American tackle at Illinois in 1935. . . . **Cpl. Billy Conn** has moved from the tanks to aerial-gunnery school. . . .The GIs in the Mitchel Field (N. Y.) gym couldn't believe their eyes when they saw **Pvt. Ben Taylor** stagger **Sgt. Max Katz**, New England middleweight champ, with a whistling uppercut. Pvt. Ben Taylor is a Wac!

Double-timing is a cinch for this marine. He's Pvt. Hal Davis, national sprint champion from California, who's now taking his boot training at San Diego.

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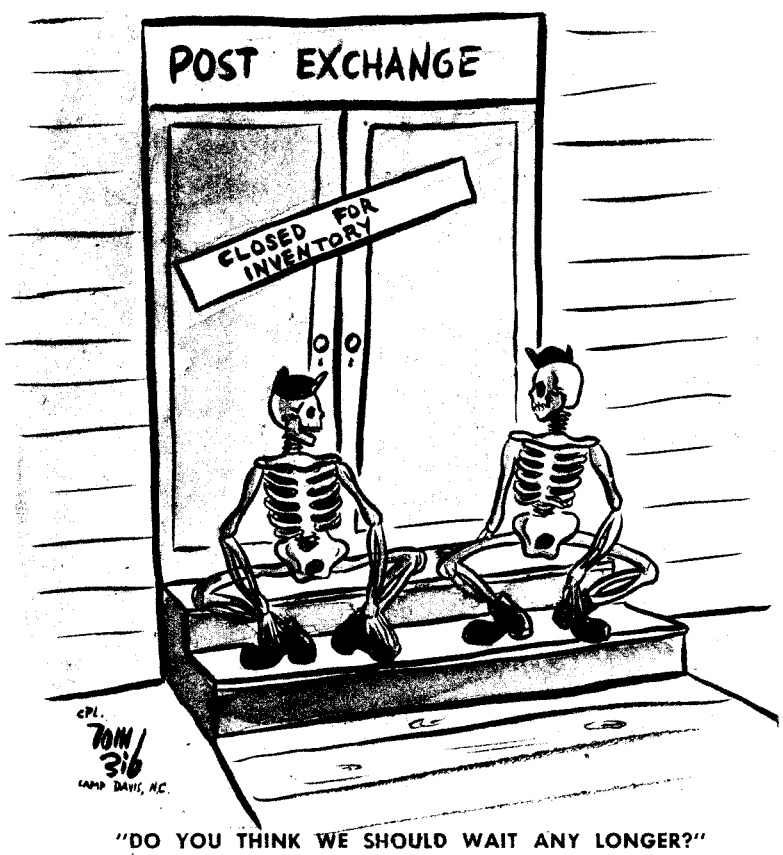
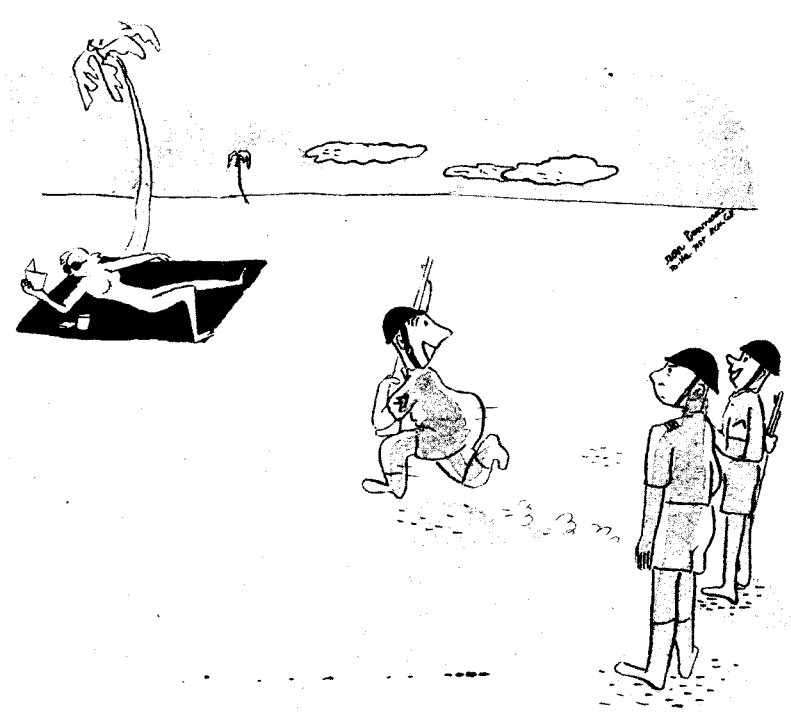
"DON'T ASK ME WHAT TO DO, WE DIDN'T HAVE DESTROYERS IN THAT POND AT FORT BRAGG!"
—Sgt. Frank Brandt



"DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD WAIT ANY LONGER?"
—Cpl. Tom Zibelli

"HE SORT OF CORRESPONDS TO OUR CHAPLAINS."
—Sgt. Charles Pearson



"LET ME LOOK FIRST, SIR. IT MIGHT BE A BOOBY TRAP."
—Ron Bennett, Y2c

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